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Choice Poetry.

WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

At day's declining, a maid sat twining
A garland shining with wild flowers gay;
But her heart was sore, and the tears swelled o'er
Her eye, at the door, on that eve in May.

"And take," she cried, to her young heart's pride,
"From your plighted bride, on this holy day,
A true love token of fond vows spoken
That may not be broken—these flowers of May.

"In life and in death, if you hold to your faith,
Keep ever this wreath, 'twill be sweet in decay;
Come poor or with wealth, come in sickness or health,
To my heart you'll be welcome as flowers in May.

"Yet, oh! if over, when wide seas sever
Our hearts, you waver in faith to me,
A true Irish maid will never upbraid
Affections betrayed—from that hour you're free!

"I set small store upon golden ore,
I'll not love you more for your wealth from the sea.
The hand that will toil at our own loved soil,
Free from crime or from spoil, is the hand for me!"

The blessing half spoken, her fast tears broke,
And strong sobs broke the young maid's prayer;
One blending of hearts, and the youth departs—
The maid weeps alone in the silent air.

Full many score, that lone maid's counted o'er
Of day-dawns and night-falls—a year to the day;
When sadly, once more at the seat by the door
Stood the youth as before, on that eve in May.

For the love of that maid, wherever strayed,
Kept his oath from stain, and his hands from guile;
Like an angel from God, till he met retrod
The cherished sod where his first love dwelt.

"I bring you no store of the bright gold ore,
But, poor as before, I return to decay;
For my love I've no wealth but broken health,
Hopes wrecked and dead as her flowers of May."

The maiden has prest her true love to her breast,
Her joyful heart no double delay
In his arms she sighs, "To yourself I prize,
To my heart then are welcome as flowers in May."

Pictures of Life.

HOW A YOUNG MAN FEELS UPON HIS BRIDAL WEEK.

[The following capital description of a young man's feelings preparatory to and upon his wedding day, is from the last number of Dickens's unequal (not unequalled) story, "David Copperfield."]

Once again let me pause upon a memorable passage in my life. Let me stand aside to see the procession of those days go by me, accompanying in the shadow of myself, in dim procession.

Months, months, seasons pass along. They seem little more than a summer day and a winter evening. Now, the Common where I walk with Dora is all in bloom, a field of bright gold, and now the unseen heather lies in mounds and hummocks underneath a covering of snow. In a breath, the river that flows through our Sunday walks is sparkling in the summer sun, is ruffled by the winter wind, or thickened with drifting heaps of ice. Faster than ever river can towards the sea, it flashes, darkens, and rolls away.

Not a flower changes, in the house of the two little bird-like ladies. The clock ticks over the fire-place, the weather-glass hangs in the hall. Neither clock nor weather-glass is ever right; but we believe in both, devoutly.

Now, I am come legally to man's estate. I have attained the dignity of twenty-one. But this is a sort of dignity that may be thrust upon one. Let me think of what I have achieved.

I have turned that savage stenographic mystery. I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and I am joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a Morning Newspaper. Night after night, I record predictions that never come to pass, prodigies that are never fulfilled, explanations that are only meant to mystify. I wallow in words, fictitious, that unfortunate fiction, is always before me, like a trussed fowl, skewered through and through with office-pens, and bound round and round with red tape. I am sufficiently behind the scenes to know the worth of political life. I am quite an infidel about it, and shall never be converted.

My dear old Traddles has tried his hand at the same pursuit, but it is not in Traddles' way. He is perfectly good-humored respecting his failure, and reminds me that he always did consider himself slow. He has occasional employment on the same newspaper, in getting up the facts of dry subjects, to be written about and embellished by more fertile minds. He is called in the bar; and with admirable industry and self-denial has scraped another hundred pounds together, to fee a Conveyancer whose chambers he attends. A great deal of very hot port wine was consumed at his call; and, considering the figure, I should think the inner Temple must have made a profit by it.

I have come out in another way. I have taken with fear and trembling to authorship. I wrote a little something in secret, and sent it to a magazine, and it was published in the magazine. Since then, I have taken heart to write a good many trifling pieces. Now I am regularly paid for them. Altogether, I am well off; when I tell my income on the fingers of my left hand, I pass the third finger and take in the fourth to the middle joint.

We have removed from Buckingham Street, to a pleasant little cottage very near the one I looked at, when my enthusiasm first came on. My aunt, however, (who has sold the house at Dover, to good advantage), is not going to remain here, but intends removing herself to a still more tiny cottage, close at hand. What does this portend? My marriage! Yes.

Yes! I am going to be married to Dora! Miss Lavinia and Miss Clarissa have given their consents, and all ever Canary birds were in a flutter, they are. Miss Lavinia, self-charged with the superintendence of my darling's wardrobe, is constantly cutting out brown paper curiosities, and differing in opinions from a highly respectable young man, with a long bundle, and a yard measure under his arm. A dress maker, always stabbed in the breast with a needle and thread, boards and lodges in the house; and scene to me, eating, drinking, or sleeping, never to take her thimble off. They make a lay-figure of my dear. They are always sending for her to come and try something on. We can't be happy together for five minutes in the evening, but some intrusive female knocks at the door, and says, "Oh, if you please, Miss Dora, would you step up stairs?"

Miss Clarissa and my aunt roam all over London, to find out articles of furniture for Dora and me to look at. It would be better for them to buy the goods at once, without this ceremony of inspection; for, when we go to see a kitchen-fender and meat screen, Dora sees a Chinese house for Jip, with little bells on the top, and prefers that. And it takes a long time to accustom Jip to his new residence, after we have bought it; whenever he goes in or out, he makes all the little bells ring, and is horribly frightened.

Peggotty comes up to make herself useful, and falls to work immediately. Her department appears to be, to clean everything over and over again. She rubs everything that can be rubbed, until it shines, like her own honest forehead, with perpetual friction. And new it is, that I begin to see her solitary brother passing through the dark streets at night, and looking, as he goes, among the wandering faces. I never speak to him at such an hour. I know too well, as his grave figure passes onward, what he seeks, and what he dreads.

Why does Traddles look so important when he calls upon me this afternoon in the Commons where I still occasionally attend, for form's sake, when I have time? The realization of my boyish day-dreams is at hand. I am going to take out the license.

It is a little document to do so much; and Traddles contemplates it, as it lies upon my desk, half in admiration, half in awe. There are the names, in the sweet old visionary connexion, David Copperfield and Dora Spenlow; and there, in the corner, is that Parental Institution, the Stamp Office, which is so benignantly interested in the various transactions of human life, looking down upon our Union; and there is the Archbishop of Canterbury invoking a blessing on us in print, and doing it as cheap as could possibly be expected.

Nevertheless, I am in a dream, a flustered, happy, hurried dream. I can't believe that it is going to be; and yet I can't believe but that every one I pass in the street, must have some kind of perception, that I am to be married the day after to-morrow. The Surrogate knows me when I go down to be sworn; agd disposes of me easily, as if there were a Masonic understanding between us. Traddles is not at all wanted, but is in attendance as my general backer.

"I hope the next time you come here, my dear fellow," I say to Traddles, "it will be on the same errand for yourself. And I hope it will be soon."

"Thank you for your good wishes, my dear Copperfield," he replies. "I hope so, too. It's a satisfaction to know that she'll wait for me any length of time, and that she really is the dearest girl—"

"When are you to meet her at the coach?" I ask.

"At seven," says Traddles, looking at his plain old silver watch—the very watch he once took a wheel out of, at school, to make a water-mill. "That is about Miss Wickfield's time, is it not?"

"A little earlier. Her time is half-past eight."

"I assure you, my dear boy," says Traddles, "I am almost as pleased as if I were going to be married myself, to think that this event is coming to such a happy termination. And really the great friendship and consideration of personally associating hoppy with the joyful occasion, and inviting her to be a bridesmaid in conjunction with Miss Wickfield, demands my warmest thanks. I am extremely sensible of it."

I hear him, and shake hands with him; and we talk, and walk, and dine, and so on; but I can't believe it. Nothing is real.

Sophy arrives at the house of Dora's aunts, in due course. She has the most agreeable of faces—but absolutely beautiful, but extraordinarily pleasant—and is one of the most genial, unaffected, frank, unaspiring girls in the world. She is very fond of Dora, and speaks of her to me with great pride; and rubs her hands for ten minutes by the clock, with every individual hair upon his head standing on tiptoe, when I congratulate him in a corner on his choice.

I have brought Agnes from the Canterbury coach, and her cheerful and beautiful face is among us for the second time. Agnes has a great liking for Traddles, and it is capital to see them meet, and to observe the glory of Traddles as he commends the dearest girl in the world to her acquaintance.

Still I don't believe it. We have a delightful evening, and are supremely happy; but I don't believe it yet. I can't collect myself. I can't check off my happiness as it takes place. I feel in a misty and unsettled kind of state; as if I had got up very early in the morning a week or two ago, and had never been to bed since. I can't make out when yesterday was. I seem to have been carrying the license about in my pocket, musty months.

Next day, too, when we all go in a flock to see the house—our house—Dora's and mine—I am quite unable to regard myself as its owner. It seems to be there, by permission of somebody else. I half expect the real master to come home presently, and say he is glad to see me. Such a beautiful little house as it is, with everything so bright and new; with the flowers on the carpets looking as if freshly gathered, and the green leaves on the paper as if they had just come out; with the spotless muslin curtains, and the blushing rose-colored furniture, and Dora's garden hat with the blue ribbon—do I remember, now, how I loved her in such another hat when I first knew her!—already hanging on its little peg; the guitar-case quite at home on its heels in a corner; and everybody tumbling over Jip's Pagoda, which is much too big for the establishment.

Another happy evening, quite as unreal as all the rest of it, and I steal into the usual room before going away. Dora is not there. I suppose they have not done trying on yet. Miss Lavinia peeps in, and tells me mysteriously that she will not be long. She is rather long, notwithstanding; but by and-bye I hear a rustling at the door, and some one tape.

I say, "Come in!" but some one taps again.

I go to the door, wondering who it is; there, I meet a pair of bright eyes, and a blushing face; they are Dora's eyes and face, and Miss Lavinia has dressed her in to-morrow's dress, bonnet and all, for me to see. I take my little wife to my heart; and Miss Lavinia gives a little scream because I tumble the bonnet, and Dora laughs and cries at once, because I am so pleased; and I believe it less than ever.

"Do you think it pretty, Doady?" says Dora. "Pretty! I should rather think I did.

"And are you sure you like me very much?" says Dora.

The topic is fraught with such danger to the bonnet, that Miss Lavinia gives another little scream, and begs me to understand that Dora is only to be looked at, and on no account to be touched. So Dora stands in a delightful state of confusion for a minute or two, to be admired; and then takes off her bonnet—how natural without it!—and runs away with it in her hand; and comes dancing down again in her own familiar dress, and asks Jip if I have got a beautiful little wife, and whether he'll forgive her for being married, and kneels down to make him stand upon the cookery-book, for the last time in her single life.

I go home, more incredulous than ever, to a lodging that I have had by; and get up very early in the morning, to ride to the Highgate road and fetch my aunt.

I have never seen my aunt in such state. She is dressed in lavender-colored silk, and has a white bonnet on, and is amazing. Jane has dressed her, and is there to look at me. Peggotty is ready to go to church, intending to behold the ceremony from the gallery. Mr. Dick, who is to give my darling to me at the altar, has had his hair curled. Traddles, whom I have taken up by appointment at the turnpike, presents a dazzling combination of cream color and light blue; and both he and Mr. Dick have a general effect about them of being all gloves.

No doubt I see this, because I know it is so; but I am astray, and seem to see nothing. Not do I believe any thing whatever. Still, as we drive along in an open carriage, the fairy marriage is real enough to fill me with a sort of wondering pity for the unfortunate people who have to take part in it, but are sweeping out the shops, and going to their daily occupations.

My aunt sits with my hand in hers all the day. When we stop a little way short of the church to put down Peggotty, whom we have brought on the box, she gives it a squeeze, and she is free again. She rubs everything that can be rubbed, until it shines, like her own honest forehead, with perpetual friction. And new it is, that I begin to see her solitary brother passing through the dark streets at night, and looking, as he goes, among the wandering faces. I never speak to him at such an hour. I know too well, as his grave figure passes onward, what he seeks, and what he dreads.

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"Tut, child!" says my aunt; and gives her hand in overflowing cordiality to Traddles, who then gives his to Mr. Dick, who then gives his to me, who then gives mine to Traddles, and then we come to the church door.

The church is calm enough, I am sure; but it might be a steam-power loom in full action, for any sedative effect it has on me. I am too far gone for that.

The rest is all a more or less incoherent dream.

A dream of their coming in with Dora; of the pew-opener arranging us, like a drill-serjeant, before the altar rails; of my wondering, even then, why pew-opners must always be the most disagreeable females procurable, and whether there is any religious dread of a disastrous infection of good humor which renders it indispensable to set those vessels of vinegar upon the road to Heaven.

Of the clergyman and clerk appearing, of a few boatmen and some other people strolling in; of ancient mariner behind me, strongly favoring the church with rum; of the service beginning in a deep voice, and our all being very attentive.

Of Miss Lavinia, who acts as a semi-auxiliary bridesmaid, being the first to cry, and of her doing homage (as I take it) to the memory of Fidger in sobs; of Miss Clarissa applying a smelling bottle; of Agnes taking care of Dora; of my aunt endeavoring to represent herself as a model of alertness, with tears rolling down her face; of little Dora trembling very much, and making her responses in faint whispers.

Of our kneeling down together, side by side; of Dora's trembling less and less, but always clasping Agnes by the hand; of the service being got through, quietly and gravely; of our all looking at each other in an April state of smiles and tears, when it is over; of my young mind being hysterical in the country, and crying for her poor papa, her dear papa.

Of her soon cheering up again, and our signing the register all round. Of my going into the gallery for Peggotty to bring Agnes to sign it; of Peggotty's hugging me in a corner, and telling me she saw my own dear mother married; of its being over, and our going away.

Of my walking so proudly and lovingly down the aisle with my sweet wife upon my arm, through a mist of half-seen people, pulpits, monuments, pews, fonts, organs, and church windows, in which there flutter faint airs of association with my childish church at home, so long ago.

Of their whispering, so we pass, what a youthful couple we are, and what a pretty little wife she is. Of our all being so merry and talkative in the carriage going back. Of Sophy telling us that when she saw Traddles (whom I had entrusted with the license) asked for it, she almost faltered, having been convinced that he would contrive to lose it, or to have his pocket picked. Of Agnes laughing gaily; and of Dora being so fond of Agnes that she will not be separated from her, but still keeps her hand.

Of there being a breakfast, with abundance of things, pretty and substantial, to eat and drink, and—

dream, without the least perception of their flavor, eating and drinking, as I may say, nothing but love and marriage, and no more believing in the viands than in anything else.

Of my making a speech in the same dreamy fashion, without having an idea of what I meant to say, beyond such as may be comprehended in the full conviction that I haven't said it. Of our being very sociably and simply happy (always in a dream, though,) and of Jip's having wedding cake, and it's not agreeing with him afterwards.

Of the pair of hired post-horses being ready, and of Dora's going away to change her dress. Of my aunt and Miss Clarissa remaining with us; and of our waking in the garden. The merchant aunt, who has made quite a speech at breakfast touching Dora's aunts, being mightily amused with herself, but a little proud of it, too.

Of Dora's being ready, and of Miss Lavinia's hovering about her, both to lose the pretty toy that has given her so much pleasant occupation, and to be the first to kiss the bride. Of Dora's making a long series of surprised discoveries that she has forgotten all sorts of little things; and of everybody's running everywhere to fetch them.

Of their all closing about Dora, when at last she begins to my good-bye, looking, with their bright colors and ribbons, like a bed of flowers. Of my darling being almost smothered among the flowers, and coming out, laughing and crying both together, to my jealous arms.

Of my wanting to carry Jip (who is to go along with us,) and of Dora's saying no, that she must carry him, or else he'll think she don't like him any more, now she is married, and will break his heart. Of our going arm in arm, and Dora stopping and looking back and saying, "I have ever been cross or ungrateful to anybody, don't remember it!" and bursting into tears.

Of her waving her little hand, and our going away once more. Of her once more stopping and looking back, and hurrying to Agnes, and giving Agnes, above all the others, her last kisses and farewells.

We drive away together, and I awake from the dream. I believe it at last. It is my dear little wife beside me, whom I love so well!

"Are you happy now, you foolish toy?" says Dora, "and sure you don't repent?"

I have stood aside to see the phantoms of those days go by me. They are gone, and I resume the journey of my story.

Singular Characters

JAMES BOWIE, THE DUELLIST.

Four years ago, when Theodore Parker, the eminent three philanthropic preacher of Boston, visited Europe, having a letter of introduction for that purpose, he called on Thomas Carlyle. The English solitaire piled the American with innumerable questions relating to our customs and habits of existence on this side of the great water, but manifested the keenest curiosity concerning the people of the backwoods. Parker drew for the other's amusement, a vivid sketch of the achievements of Bowie, the famous archduellist of Texas. Carlyle listened with sparkling eyes to the recital of the narrative, and then burst into exclamations of involuntary enthusiasm—

"By Hercules! the man was greater than Cæsar or Cromwell!—nay, nearly equal to Odin or Thor! The Texans ought to build him an altar!"

The burning sympathizer with the heroic in all its phases, rubbed his hands together, chuckled in an ecstacy of savage glee, and made Parker repeat his store of bloody anecdotes. Finally he put the question—

"But by what miracle could it happen that the brave fellow escaped the capital penalty of the law after such enormous violations?"

To this interrogatory, Parker, as he himself confessed, could return no satisfactory answer; and as ten thousand readers have perhaps pondered the same problem without conceiving a rational solution, it may not be uninteresting to explain it briefly, especially as a clear elucidation can be detailed in a few words.

Let it be remembered, then, that although the great system of common law, "that perfection of human reason" for the Anglo-Saxon race, prevails throughout all the States of the West, wholly as to its definition of crimes, and partially as to the mode and measure of punishment annexed to each, nevertheless, in its practical application to given cases, it is controlled by the power of a far mightier law,—the omnipotent law of public opinion; because, in most Western Courts, juries are absolute judges of both the law and the fact, and their interpretations often evince direct antagonism with the *dicta* of my Lord Coke and the classic comments of Blackstone.

On the subject of homicide in particular, public opinion has passed the bounds of all books of jurisprudence, and settled as an immutable statute this extraordinary axiom:

"It is justifiable to kill in fair combat, every body and anybody who ought to be killed!"

In Bowie's numerous rencounters, he always kept within the prescribed rule of latitudinarian rule, and hence he was always acquitted by frontier juries, and frequently with *addenda* to their verdicts, highly complimentary to his character as a chivalrous gentleman. In truth, most of his desperate engagements grew out of his innate and invincible disposition to expouse the cause of the weak against the mighty. One illustration, by incident, will present this peculiarity in the strongest light, and may, besides, reveal a thorough knowledge of the heart and soul of the man.

On the evening of the 4th of June, 1835, the steamboat "Rob Roy" started from St. Louis to New Orleans, with a full crowd of passengers. Immediately after "getting under good headway," (to adopt a favorite backwood phrase) one person attracted universal attention by the annoying eagerness with which he endeavored to make up a party at cards. Indeed, his oft repeated and persevering efforts to that end soon became insulting and unendurable; and yet his appearance was such as to deter the bravest on board from administering the chastisement which he so richly deserved. He was a huge mass of mighty bone and muscles, with swarthy features, bearing the impress of many a scar; piercing black eyes, that seemed to possess the power of blasting the beholder—cold, gleaming eyes, such as betray a fearful capability; a rank luxuriance of coal black hair; immense whiskers and moustache. Thus savage-looking figure was habited in the coatliest clothing, and adorned with a profusion of jewelry, while the outlines of several murderous weapons were plainly distinguished beneath his gaudy vest and superfine coat. Nor did he need these to render him an object of terror. A connoisseur in the science of belligerent gymnastics, would have confidently pronounced him a match for any player heard of yet. What was the tumult of the raging elements to them, whose destiny hung upon the turning of a card? And the smiling blue-eyed stranger in buckskin stood by them, with his pencil and paper, calmly noticing the developements of the game.

Finally the storm passed, as the beautiful daybreak came out like a thing of glory in the gray East. Then the infuriated merchant, distracted with his heavy losses, dashed his dollars, comprising his last cent of money in the world, on "two pairs of kings." The whiskered gambler "called" him; then showed hands, the blacking had "two pairs of aces"—raked the board! "The merchant dropped on a floor as if he had been shot through the brain, and that beautiful young wife flew to his side, and fell shrieking upon his bosom. They were both borne away insensible to the ladies' cabin.

As he deposited the winnings in his pocket, the gambler emitted a hoarse laugh that sounded frightful as the chuckle of a fiend; but he instantly lost color as a low, calm voice remarked in his ear—

"Villian, you play a strong hand at many different games, but here stands one who can beat you at all of them!"

He turned, met the glance of those keen blue eyes, so preternaturally bright, and shuddered. But he immediately regained his presence of mind—for he was no coward—and the hot brown, red lill his shaggy brows met like the coil of a serpent, and demanded sternly—

"Beggar, who are you to banter a gentleman thus rudely?"

"I am James Bowie, of Texas!" the answer, accompanied, with a ringing laugh; "and you are Jobn Laitle, a bastard of the old pirate!"

The gambler reeled in his chair, as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, but recovering again from the shock in a moment, asked in a firm tone—

"What game do you wish with me?"

"*Poker* first, and *pistols* afterwards, if you play foul," replied the other, and they took their seats at the table.

For a time the success seemed about equally balanced, the gain and loss being alternate. At last the gambler ventured one of his skillful manœuvres in dealing. Bowie smiled strangely as his quick eye detected the trick. He said nothing, however, but looked at his hand, and bet five thousand dollars, staking the money in ten large bills. The gambler went five thousand dollars higher, which resulted in a "call." Bowie laid down his hand "four jacks!" but with the habitual serenity of countenance, he exclaimed, "four Queens!" exclaiming, as he did so—

"By heaven, the luck is mine!"

"Not yet!" shouted Bowie, as with both hands he raked a heap of notes to the tune of twenty thousand dollars, into his own pocket.

Choking and purple with rage and shame, the gambler roared—

"To the hurricane deck, and let pistols be trumps this turn!"

"Good as gold!" replied Bowie, and the two hastily ascended the stairs, and assumed their separate positions—the gambler over the stern, and Bowie over the bow.

At that instant the sun was just rising in a cloudless sky. Nature looked sublime. The woods and waters appeared as parts of one divine picture, with the boundless tide of beauty in the foreground. The broad-bosomed river rolled away like an immense sheet of burnished silver, speckled here and there with the flash of golden bubbles; shining fishes gamboled in the sparkling wave; and all the bright birds—those poets of creation, whose life is a dream that dream only music—chanted their wild anthem to the new day; while the two great duellists, the most deadly ever known in the South-West, stood with cocked pistols, eye to eye, and their fingers fixed on the hair triggers, prepared and wearing to slay and be slain.

"I am ready. You give the word!" cried Bowie, in his clear, ringing voice, and with that inexplicable smile of strange meaning on his lips.

"I am ready. Fire!" shouted the gambler, in tones murderous as death.

The two pistols roared simultaneously. Bowie did not move, though he barely escaped with his life, for the bullet of his foe had cut away one of the golden locks of his yellow hair. The gambler was shot through the heart, and dropping on the brink of the deck, had almost tumbled into the river. He was buried by the squatters, in the next wood-yard. And thus perished, justly, a bastard son of the great pirate Laitte.

There never was a jury empanneled in the West who would have brought in a verdict against any man for killing him, and more especially under the circumstances, because public opinion pronounced "that he ought to be killed." And such were the desperadoes that Bowie commonly exterminated.

The generous victor immediately proceeded to the ladies' cabin, and restored the winnings of the gambler to the young merchant and his beautiful wife, who both received the boon as a gift from heaven, with much gratitude and joy.

If we should write a volume concerning the exploits of James Bowie, his character could not be rendered more transparent than it is revealed in the foregoing anecdote. He was always the same—the friend of the feeble, the protector of the oppressed, and the enemy of tyrants. He was brave without fear, generous beyond precedent; and though he had faults, gigantic ones, too, he atoned for all the errors of a stormy life by the splendor of his magnificent death. He died as a "The Alamo," his epitaph the word "Texas," and his fame will fill a humble though safe niche in the Temple of Freedom through all time. He can never be forgotten till the bowels of the earth cease to furnish metal for the fabrication of those bright blades of steel which bear his impenetrable name.

Sunday Times.

JAMES'S FLEXIB.—The London papers are advising the "nice young men" to migrate to California. One of them says, "Why should not some of our youth, who now hang so heavy on their parents' hands, see a little of the world and pick up a little experience, as well as a few sovereigns, in a trail to this veritable El Dorado? Almost the earliest note that we read of was Jason, who sailed nobody knows where, but half round the old world, in quest of the golden fleece, which was doubtless a deposit of gold. It is not dishonorable to seek an independence, nor is it rash to encounter dangers in that search.—For better is it to plunge into a throng of strangers ten thousand miles from home, than to spend one's early life in courting a patron, and soliciting advancement over the heads of one's contemporaries, companions and friends. Hard as the alternative is, we would rather quit the crowded areas at once and try fortune in a fair field and no favor' somewhere or other where man is not a weed."

THE WAY TO BATHE.—Many persons go shrinkingly and slowly into baths. This is all wrong. Spring from your bed as though a great snake was crawling after you, rush off your night clothes instantly, dash into the water as if for your life, rub as though you would blister your skin, wipe quickly, on with your clothes in double quick time, and go at something with might and main, till the blood courses briskly through out your whole system, and you will feel almost like a new being.

Our Portrait Gallery.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Sir John Franklin, whose unknown fate is now attracting such great interest, has already taken a share in three Expeditions to the North. Sir John is a native of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, and was born in 1786. At the age of fourteen he entered the Royal Navy, as a midshipman, and was on board the *Polyphemus* when Nelson made his attack on the Danish line and batteries off Copenhagen, April 2, 1801. Franklin next sailed with Captain Flinders on his Voyage of Discovery on the Coast of New Holland, in which he endured shipwreck. We pass over several other of Franklin's adventures, but must not omit that on board the *Bellerophon*, at the Battle of Trafalgar. His first Expedition to the Northern Ice, as Commander of the *Trent*, in company with Captain Buchan, in the *Dorothea*, in 1818; both vessels returning in the same year.

Lieutenant Franklin's next enterprise was in connection with an Expedition of Lieutenant (now Sir W. E.) Parry; a journey by land, which, in point of severe and protracted suffering, has not been surpassed in the annals of discovery. He left England in May, 1821, and did not return till July, 1822. In February, 1825, he left Liverpool on a similar journey, and returned in September, 1827.

Captain Franklin was promoted to the rank of Commander in 1829, and to that of Post-Captain in 1829. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has published the results of his several Expeditions. He married in 1823, Miss Porden, the daughter of the architect, William Porden, Esq.; this lady unhappily died of consumption, in her 30th year, in 1825. He has since married a second time. It is to be hoped that he has not lost his life on his third and last gallant but useless expedition.

Romance of History.

LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1543; the moon shone brightly on the houses, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of an oaken table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thought; but in his eye kindled the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks upon his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived; but his long robe was loose, and his broad-bosomed vest displayed a snowy shirt, with full and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine; titular canon of Wernica, and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his great work "On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his conscience, of any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the face of astronomical science. On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for his purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the Eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three pieces of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the astonished world a magnificent truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and finding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen, he wrote on the title-page of his book—"Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect Artisan; the work of God himself!" And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded, with a collected mind, to write the dedication of his book.

"To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.: I dedicate my work to your holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanderers, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS,
"*City Wernica.*"

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labor, he in truth needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration; it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who, with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs. "Master," said he to the canon, as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is only waiting for your proof-sheets and letters."

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor sick people in the house yesterday and to-day, and besides, you are wanted at Frauenburg, to look after the water-machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who have broken their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus. "Let my horse be saddled directly." And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica; it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as in science, pain

Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S

HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

ITALY.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE IX.

Our subject this evening, ladies and gentlemen, is the history and condition of Italy.

Of the early history of that country we cannot know a great deal; we do know, however, that its Southern part was settled by colonies from Greece about the time of the real or fabulous destruction of Troy. These colonies advanced rapidly in civilization, and were very powerful for a time; afterwards, Rome began a career of great prosperity, and it is supposed that Rome itself was founded by a colony of people kindred to the Greeks—in fact, by a Trojan colony, from the coasts of Asia Minor, having all the refinements of Asiatic civilization. Without believing all that the Roman historians tell us, we cannot doubt that their city was founded about the year 730 before our Saviour, and that there was such men as Romulus and Remus, we most believe, unless we are going to overthrow all the facts of history; and we must give credit to the account of the founding of Rome by those men, that in its first early history there were seven Kings, and that then succeeded the Republic which lasted five hundred years and more; then came the Empire of Rome, founded by Augustus Cesar, or if you will, by Julius Cesar, although Augustus is commonly called the first Roman Emperor.—The Empire lasted more than another five hundred years. That Rome in its early history—or Pagan Rome, if we may so call it—had a continuous government of about twelve hundred years, under the three forms of Monarchy, Republic and Empire, and gradually Rome became exceedingly powerful. She conquered all the surrounding country, and under the Republic, increased little by little, until at last Rome filled the whole of Italy; not only that, but in course of time, she conquered neighboring nations, incorporated them under her own government, and founded the vast Roman Empire—the most powerful Empire that ever existed. And certainly Rome was most favorably situated for a great nation; no man can possibly look at that country upon the map, without being struck with the fact that Nature, or the Providence of God, has so made and placed it that it must exert a vast influence upon the history of the world. The position of Italy was and is one of its greatest advantages; it is not a large country, having now about one hundred or one hundred and three thousand square miles, and about twenty-two millions of inhabitants; there are not more than twenty-four millions of people throughout the world, who speak the Italian language, but there are only twenty-two millions, including those in the Italian islands around the peninsula of Italy. To be sure, there are about half a million Italians in the Tyrol, and Trieste is completely an Italian city; it is not German at all, though situated within the boundaries of Austria; there are besides, several thousand Italians in Paris, and a great many in London, but the largest estimate, as I have said, is not more than twenty-four millions at present.

In regard to the past history of that country, in connection with population, I may say that the inhabitants in the days of the Romans, were not so very numerous after all—not as numerous probably, as is generally supposed; the country is susceptible, however, of a general cultivation, and consequently capable of sustaining a vast population, so that at some periods of its history, Italy may have had a greater number of inhabitants than she has now, although nothing like so great as it is sometimes called.

In regard to the physical condition of Italy, it would be difficult to find in the world a country more beautiful, or which is better situated; the Southern part is seldom so warm as to be uncomfortable, as many people here suppose, and is not nearly so warm as the Southern part of the United States in summer. It is so surrounded by water that the climate during the warm season, except for a few weeks, is very delightful, except when the winds come, they have the sirocco or hot wind from Africa, and even then it is not oppressive. From my own experience, I may say that I never found Italy unpleasant as regards climate, in the very hottest or the very coldest weather. At present it is not very healthy in some places, but that is because the country is not well cultivated; it was under excellent cultivation in the times of the Romans, and then it was healthy. The Pontine Marshes, which are a short distance from Rome, were formerly a very healthy district, and a vast meadow, where the climate is damp and chilly; they do not appear to be swampy, but are like the country around Keyes Island, in New Jersey. These marshes are entirely deserted, and the neighborhood rendered uninhabitable by the swarms of poisonous gas which is there generated; in the times of the Romans, however, the Pontine Marshes were thoroughly drained, well cultivated, and thickly populated, and if any part of them is now unhealthy, it is because the draining and cultivation are neglected. If there were about a million of Dutchmen there, they would very soon make it healthy and habitable. The inhabitants are annoyed in the middle of summer as I have said, by the occasional hot wind from Africa, called the sirocco, but this affects only the Southern part, and even there does not amount to much.

I have gone into these little details on this subject, because many people in this country think that the Italians have degenerated from the effects of the climate, which is an erroneous opinion; the Italians may be effeminate, and I dare say they are, but it is not the climate which has made them so. I saw enough in Italy to account for their degeneracy; they have had too powerful and too few advantages to be anything else than effeminate, and I have not the least doubt that if the Italians were under favorable circumstances, they would be a noble race. They are naturally a large race, by any means, as many people think; they are obliged to be idle because they cannot find employment. It is almost impossible for the poor peasantry, as they are called, to find employment, such is the unfortunate state of society in that country; their misfortunes have been caused by a want of education, and good government, and more especially by the want of good Christianity. The masses have been subject to a double slavery—one part from the tyranny of the Church, and the other from the tyranny of the State. The Church has sunk to the people, "You have nothing to do with ecclesiastical affairs; you need not read religious books for yourselves, you need not read the Bible; we will give you the Catechism to find what is best for you, and all that you have to do is to believe."—The State has said to the people, "You have nothing to do with the Government; we will make laws for you, and tell you what to do, and all that you have to do is to obey," and between believing the Church and obeying the State, the poor Italians have had a very sad time of it, and it would be wonderful if they were otherwise than ignorant and degraded.

If you look at the North part of Italy, at the valley of the Po, you find one of the most beautiful and pleasant countries in the world, where there is one-third part of the whole population of Italy. The peninsular part of it is covered with mountains, with beautiful valleys between, and the sides of the mountains and hills have been fertile, and are still very well cultivated. The same thing is true of the islands of Sicily, Corsica and Sardinia, where there is much fertile land.

I have spoken of the beautiful situation of Italy; as a peninsular, it projects into the Mediterranean, reaching very nearly two thirds of the way across to Africa, and at the same time very near to all the countries in the northern part of Europe. Rome is about in the middle from North to South, and you will see at once, how excellently situated it was to be a great Empire in the best days of that power, the Mediterranean was nothing more nor less than a Roman lake, for the Romans held very nearly all the countries bordering upon it—the best countries of Europe—and he's conquered when Asia Minor and established governments in all the Western Countries of Asia. They possessed, too, all the North part of Africa, and for a long time, Egypt and the countries adjoining were entirely Roman so that altogether it was, as I have said, the greatest Empire that ever existed. As to its natural resources and population, they became very considerable from all their conquered countries, and in the time of the Emperor Adrian, the population of the Roman Empire was estimated. I have no doubt correctly, at one hundred and thirty millions, although now, in the same countries, it is a great deal more.

As to the early history of Italy, I have said that you begin with the Greek colonies, which were tributary to Greece, and the Greek character is still felt in the Southern part of Italy; in course of time, some of those colonies became more powerful than the cities which had founded them, and there was a great deal of commerce between Italy and Greece in this way. The Romans arose and conquered the whole of Italy, but she found some trouble with these Greek colonies; the latter called over to their aid Pyrrhus of Epirus, who endeavored to save the Southern part of Italy, but he was defeated, and the Romans at last took possession of the island of Sicily. Now you all know the history of the rise of the Romans, and I will not weary you with the details of it; you are aware that in the beginning of the fourth century, the Emperor Constantine raised Rome by transferring his capital from that city of Rome to Constantinople, and that thereupon there arose in the latter city a new Empire. It was still called the Roman Empire, however, or afterwards the Eastern Roman Empire, but finally, and with the greatest prosperity, the same Roman was dropped, for in later times it had nothing at all to do with Rome. After Constantine's departure, there rose up at Rome a line of Monarchs, who ruled over what was called the Western Roman, or simply the Western Empire, the last of the line being named Romulus Augustus, who was overthrown by Odoacer, from the North, when the Western Empire ceased in the year 476, A. C. It is a somewhat singular circumstance, that the first King of Rome was Romulus, the first Emperor was Augustus, and the last ruler of all, united the names of both; the last, however, seems to have been rather an insignificant creature, and I do not know that there is anything to be said about him.

Throughout her history, Rome was a very singular affair as regards government; under the Republic, she had a Senate and two Consuls—a great political blunder—and the mass of the people had very little power over the government to what they should have. There was nothing like our ideas of true liberty, and the actual citizens of Rome, and only those, had much authority during the Republic; afterwards, when the Empire arose, there were many distinguished men, but I have not time to speak of them to-night.—As to the twelve Cesars who governed Rome, beginning with Julius Cesar, and going down throughout the line, we find that there were many of them very worthless men, and some of them, also, distinguished for virtue and abilities. But, after all, Rome was a military government, and Imperial Rome was emphatically military; and indeed she was ruined by the very fact that she depended upon this military government.—To be sure, civilization had grown and spread very much in the capital and the principal cities of the Empire, but I apprehend that we entirely overrate the civilization of ancient Rome. I think that it was confined entirely to the chief cities, and as to the masses of the people, they were very ignorant and degraded; most of them were slaves, and those who were not slaves, were little better—sometimes worse as regards the comforts of life. Rome was a great military oligarchy, even in its best days, more than anything else, and as to the morals of the people, they have been proven to have been such as are without a parallel for wickedness at the present day. The city of Pompeii has been raised almost from the dead, to show in itself the great immorality of the Romans in the time of its existence. Things are revealed there which are too palpable to be mistaken, and too wicked to be named. In walking through those ruins, I was surprised to see how far a people could go in vice, and still retain the name of a civilized nation. There is certainly no city in Europe at the present day where such things would be allowed, and in this great wickedness and enormous morality that you will find the ruin of the Romans. It is true that Christianity spread through out the Roman Empire, and was finally universally acknowledged, but it was a long time about it, and underwent ten persecutions from the Roman Government at different times; although it triumphed and was acknowledged, still if you think that the masses of the people were prevaded by Christian influence, as are the people of the United States at the present day, I think that you are very much mistaken. The great body of the people were very little affected by Christianity, and although they gave up barbarism and the open embrace of paganism, still they did not feel the true influence of Christian principles.

And when the Roman Empire was overthrown by the Northern hordes, under Odoacer, then began a great debility, for Constantinople and the Emperors were far away; but it made little difference as regards aid to the Romans, for although the Emperors in the Eastern Empire claimed Italy as part of their territory, and felt themselves bound to protect that country, they did not do it. Sometimes, indeed, Constantinople opposed Rome, for the former was jealous, and we find that the Eastern Empire frequently encouraged the barbarians in their incursions into Italy. After the successful inroads of Odoacer, there came from the North into Italy, Theodoric, with his warlike Goths. About this time there was a great struggle between Italy and the Eastern Empire, because the Greek Emperor wished to obtain possession of a part of Italy. He succeeded in conquering a part of the South, and thus you see why the Greek character is expressed upon that part of Italy, for the Greeks held it a long time.

In the latter part of the fifth century, the Lombards overran and conquered the whole Northern part of Italy, and it was this tribe which gave afterwards extended their conquests to the middle parts of Italy, and hence the name, Lombardy, and a scene of great confusion ensued. From that time to this, Italy has never been under the command or government of any one person, and indeed from the great and final overthrow of the Roman Empire, Italy has never been united as a State. Its history from that time is much involved in uncertainty, and what is given is almost unintelligible; until the eleventh century, the Southern part was much under the influence of Constantinople, and the Northern parts had been conquered by Charlemagne in the ninth century. That great conqueror left one of his sons to reign over Italy, although he did not possess the whole of it; he had obtained nearly all, however, the Northern and middle parts, and he had to be held for a long time. It was Charlemagne who confirmed the temporal power of the Pope; he gave him five cities and some territory, and there rose up from as early as the eighth century, the dominion of the Church, exercised now quite what are called the States of the Church. This territory is at present of very considerable extent, and has a population of about 3,000,000 in the centre of Italy; over these people the Pope reigns simply as a King.

After the death of Charlemagne, you find a great deal of trouble in Italy, for then commenced the great struggle with Germany. Charlemagne professed to have restored and re-established the Western Empire in Italy, and when he died, his sons claimed that country, but the Italians resisted, and maintained their independence—from that day to this, there has been a constant struggle between Germany and Italy for the possession of certain parts in the North of the latter, and at the time Austria has all the part of Italy North of the River Po. In this struggle the Popes took part against the Germans, and exerted themselves manfully, in some cases, in defence of Italy; they afterwards took part against the Germans in favor of France, and the latter country has always been the best friend of the Popes. Since the days of Charlemagne, the Germans have possessed some parts of Italy, but the quarrel has never ceased; the dissentions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines was only a continuation under different names, the latter being the real Italians, and generally adherents of the Pope, and the former the enemies of Italy, generally the friends of the Emperor of Germany. Some of the Popes nobly headed the Italians in these battles, and Gregory the Seventh deserves a great deal of credit for his exertions; we call him ambitious—and he was ambitious in wishing to rule the whole of Italy, but in this he could not succeed. He made powerful efforts, however, but was at last completely overcomed, and forced to die in exile; after all, the Popes deserve a great deal of credit for trying to maintain the supremacy of Italy.

In these middle ages there rose up in Italy the Free Cities of that country, situated in the North part; one of them, Venice, began long before Charlemagne's day, when, in the fifth or sixth century, Attila overran that part of the country, and the inhabitants were obliged to take refuge in the numerous small islands a short distance from the shore; these small islands compose the city of Venice, and it appears as if built upon the water. It is a very beautiful city, especially as you approach it on a fine summer day, when it presents a very striking appearance. It became a very powerful and wealthy Republic, and is still very rich; the present population is about 40,000. It was a very curious Republican Government, being composed of an aristocracy and a chief magistrate called a Doge.

The city of Genoa commenced its prosperous career considerably later, but nevertheless boasts of an existence of six hundred years. It became a very flourishing city, and had a great commerce. These two Republican cities of Venice and Genoa were often at war with one another, and both lost their independence when they were conquered by France, in 1796. In the results of her power, Venice had great influence throughout Europe, and conquered the Southern part of Greece; then they planted extensive colonies, and held the Morea for many years, carrying on a great deal of trade between the two countries. Both Venice and Genoa were powerful enough to resist successfully the attacks of much greater European Powers who contended with them.

There are many other Republican cities in Italy, but of lesser importance; Milan was at first a Republic, but afterwards became a Duchy; and Pisa is in the same class. All these cities fell, however, because they allowed certain wealthy families to take too much control of the Government—these gradually usurped all authority, and brought down the liberties of the cities. The history of these Free Cities is full of interest, and the book of Mr. Hazmondi on the subject, is highly interesting; I saw this old man at Geneva, and he could never get it out of his head that these Republican cities were entirely perfect.

The little Republic of San Marino still remains; it is situated within the limits of the States of the Church, is built on three hills, and has seven or eight thousand inhabitants. But what sort of a Republic is it? They have a Senate of three hundred members, and two Consuls, which they elect four times every year!—Only think of it! Two Consuls and three hundred Senators for a population of seven or eight thousand. But San Marino is a very ancient Republic, and the people there are very proud of their privileges.

Ever since the days of Charlemagne, as I have said, Germany has flattered to consider herself a continuation of the Western Empire, and with this view, still bears upon her standard the old Eagle of the Romans. She has, moreover, a double-headed eagle—an enormity of which the Roman power conceived—to show that they include both Germany and Italy; Russia is somewhat more agreeable to nature, for she has two eagles. This belief that Germany continues the power of the Roman Empire, is, I think, absurd, but there are many Germans who hold it, and they call their Emperor Cesar, in imitation of the Romans; those men who take the time to make out and trace the connection, find it very convenient. With regard to the later history of Italy, the sum of it is that all the Northern parts—the Free Cities, etc.,—have gone into despotisms; thus arose quite a number of little Duchies, the most important of which were Milan and Florence; the latter has taken the name of Tuscany in more recent times. The Pope's power has been consolidated and extended, so that for many years he has governed the central part of Italy. In the Southern part, the influence of the Greek Emperor gradually decreased, and about the year 1000 became so weak that when the Saracens came over there in the ninth century, they conquered the country without much difficulty; they took first the island of Sicily, and afterwards went into Italy, but were driven entirely off after a time. Then came the Normans under Robert Guiscliu, who established himself in the South of Italy about the middle of the tenth century, and founded the Norman Kingdom there; his successors reigned for some time, but ultimately Spain conquered their territory. France claimed it, however, and there commenced a great struggle between these two powers; out of this struggle rose the Kingdom of Naples, which became gradually what it is now. It includes the Southern portion of Italy and the important island of Sicily, and is often called the Kingdom of the two Sicilies; it has about nine million of inhabitants, and carries on considerable trade.

Then gradually rose up in the North of Italy the Duchies of Tuscany, Parma and Modena, Milan, was completely supplanted; the Swiss and conquered an important part of it, and the remainder formed a portion of Lombardy. As to the Kingdom of Sardinia, including the island of the same name in the Mediterranean, it rose from Savoy as a nucleus; this little district, which ought to belong to France, was governed by its own Counts as early as the tenth century. They made Turin their capital, and their descendents became possessed of Nice and Piedmont about the end of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Miscellaneous.

WHY THE OAK SUCCEEDS THE PINE.

A writer in Fraser's Magazine commenting upon Sir Charles Lyell's visit to the United States, says:

At volume I., p. 330, Sir Charles Lyell expresses the wonder which he felt, and which we have often felt expressed by other travellers, at seeing, that when a clearing is made in the primeval forest, the first growth is not similar to that which has just been removed. He says that

It excites, not without reason, the surprise of every one who sees it for the first time, and the true cause of which is imperfectly understood. The trees which had been cut down were followed by others of a different species, which, for centuries, one generation after another, if their growth had not been interfered with.—But now they are succeeded by a crop of young oaks.

He then tells us that Liebig adopts De Candolle's theory, that the excrement of one plant is the nutriment of another, (in which, by the way, there are two assumptions,) as an explanation of the phenomenon. Now, we are fond of keeping our garden neat, and we also amuse ourselves a little with farming; and we think both our farm and our garden supply facts which throw light upon this phenomenon of the American clearings. Take a piece of ground which is overrun with it every time you have cut it down; keep it down, lay it down in grass, and keep it in grass for five or twenty years. During that time you will not see a single poppy. After twenty years, plough it up, and put it again into wheat, you will find the poppies as abundant as ever. We have no doubt but that there are fifty seeds of poppies lying in every one of thousand years. A part of the lawn in our garden was very subject to the annual plantain, or Star of the Earth, (*Plantago Cornopus*;) so this was very unsightly where not a daisy, any more than not a plantain, a buttercup or a dandelion was allowed to grow; we very assiduous to rid of it. Cutting it up, year after year, was of no avail. There was always a new crop to take the place of the last, the ground being full of the seed of our little enemy. After a time it occurred to us that if we enriched the soil, it was naturally very poor—so as to enable the grass to cover the ground entirely with an unbroken tell, that we might, in this way, prevent the seeds of the plantain from germinating. We accordingly spread a little manure upon the sward, complete success, and we feel pretty sure that as long as we can in this way intercept the solar rays, our lawn will be safe. It is evident, then, in what manner we would explain the matter. We entirely agree with Sir Charles's suggestion as to the admission of air and the sun's rays being the true explanation; while we think that in this instance much learning has led Liebig and De Candolle astray. In the cause, however, that it may, one or two fields and lawns supply us with instances of the fact.

☞ "I remember," says Mr. Copeland, lecturing before the Royal Dublin Society on tobacco, "when I was quite young, seeing a fine print, by one of the old masters, of a burly Dutchman, lounging in a capacious arm-chair, blowing a cloud" from his beloved pipe. Underneath was the motto, '*Gloria mundi fumus*,' I asked my father what it meant. 'Why,' said he, 'it has two meanings: first, The glory of the world is vanity' and second, '*Smoking is the glory of the world*.'"

Clippings.

☞ Turkey is rapidly progressing in the great work of civilization. The opinion in England that the empire was tottering is pronounced very erroneous.

☞ Pierre Leroux, in a recent speech in the French Assembly, excited general indignation, by speaking of Robespierre, as the "illustrious."

☞ Lieutenant Elliott, of the 90th Regiment, has discovered in the interior of Western Australia, a race of cannibals who devour the bodies of friends and foes. Lieutenant Elliott writes "The natives in these districts eat their dead—old men, women and children. The heart is given to the mother, as they say it assuages her grief."

☞ Lord Palmerston recently stated in debate, that "the tribunals in the United States were more open to obtain justice and right than the tribunals in some States of Europe." Indeed!

☞ The art of weaving cloth is said by Democritus to have been suggested by the spider weaving her web. It was known in the time of Abraham, who said to the King of Sodom, "I will not take from thee a thread of the woof even to a shoe latchet, lest thou should say, I have made Abraham rich."

☞ The way the Kennebec people make homœopathic beer is to catch a sturgeon, at the head of the river, in the spring—tie a hop to his tail—and let him run again. By the time the fish has reached the mouth of the river, the waters are sufficiently tinctured, and good small beer may be dipped up in any part of the river.

☞ Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in a "Woman's Rights" meeting in Boston, the other day, after remarking that he wished he could see one-half of the members of Congress, and one half of the members of our Legislature women, said the men behaved and talked ten times more decently before women, and so he had no doubt women did before men. This is true doubtless of many men and women.

☞ New Mexico contains a population of about 60,000, of whom, according to Hugh N. Smith, the Delegate in Washington, only 10, or 12,000 are Indians; and they are Pueblos, a peaceable and agricultural people. There are in New Mexico from twelve to fifteen hundred resident American voters, emigrants from the different States, principally from the State of Missouri; the rest of the population are Mexicans and Spaniards.

☞ Liebig, the eminent German chemist, who ranks unquestionably at the head of his profession, is about to visit the United States to lecture.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850

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TERMS, &c.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the enormous and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kate's Retort is hardly pointed enough to be felt; so we think it had better be laid aside.

To S. C. K.—as the author surmises, rather too oily gear for the columns of the Post.

"When I'm Gone," is too doleful, and we think no friend of the author could be prevailed upon to read him as badly as he requests in the following verses

Lay me by some lonely oak,
Where the owls at midnight flock,
And the dismal ravens croak,
When I'm gone.

Where the winds in sadness sigh,
And sweet dulcet creatures cry,
Bury me not where others lie,
When I'm gone.

The Traveller cannot find a stopping place in the Post.

J. M.'s Lines" have not fallen in pleasant places. If our correspondents would have their articles published, they must eschew hackneyed sentimental and stereotyped expressions.

"To the Bride Mary," is declined.

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

The news of the attempted invasion of Cuba by Gen. Lopez, created the most intense excitement in England. The general tone of the London papers is most unfair and insulting towards the people and authorities of the United States. Not only is the expedition charged with being "piratical," which it was not, but the Government of the United States is accused of not having done its duty in the premises, which every American knows to be a most glaring falsehood. The "*Times*" declares that not only Spain, but the civilized world, has a right to demand an explanation from the American Government.—That influential journal says:

It is a question of universal interest to ascertain whether the law in the United States has been duly enforced, whether the authorities of the Union to the rest of the world, or whether the Democratic principle has so far triumphed over all authority and justice, that crimes of this magnitude can be committed under the sanction of public excitement. The outrage which in the recently accursed Texas, dismembered Mexico and invaded Cuba, would be equally ready to sympathize with a disaffected party in Canada, or to attack the free negro communities of the West India Islands. Every concession to such a spirit of rapine and lawless adventure, encourages it to and receives it, but it comes equally injurious to the United States and to the rest of the world; and it must be vigorously repressed, first by the vigor of the laws of the United States, or, if they fail, "*by the resistance of all civilized nations.*"

In another place we read:

that our government has acted honorably in the matter, though they allege it has manifested an utter inefficiency to enforce its treaty stipulations. All the papers, however, regard the affair in a very serious one, and think high time for Europe to awaken to the "aggressive and daring" spirit of the United States. A coalition between England, France, Spain, Denmark and Holland is advised, to defend Cuba, and interpose a check to the "grasping ambition" of the American Union. And the London correspondent of the North American, of this city, says:

I can assure you that, *most as we all the movements of the British Government, some very important measures are about to be submitted to Parliament to more than one European nation, having for their object certain checks on the grasping and growing ambition, as it is termed, of the United States, as a Government and as a people.*

All this is very amusing—not to say absurd—but there is some little excuse for it. In the first place, if an expedition composed of "eight or ten thousand" men, (as the London papers have it,) had been fitted out against Cuba, it would have been just cause of alarm to all European nations possessing colonies in that part of the world, and would have implied wilful blindness or gross weakness on the part of the Government of the United States not to have known it. Eight or ten hundred, (as the rumored thousands, and the case presents a very different aspect. We would advise our English friends, in future, to wait till they know the *facts*, before getting up such a fever of indignation.

The truth is, however—the United States is increasing in power at a rate to astonish mankind, and as the old monarchies of the world behold the rod of empire passing rapidly from their hands, they feel mortified, and something should be pardoned to this very natural weakness.

As to all projects of coalition against the United States, they are simply ridiculous. Europe has enough to do at present to control her own "wild horses," without troubling herself with ours. If her Kings and Queens can manage to keep their ugly heads on their shoulders, they will do well. We can be reasonably sure of them. The United States is not a proselyting Republic, but it might be made so. It cannot be frightened by threats of coalitions against it, for it fears not a whole world in arms. It has more than once beaten all Europe, and yet the masses of Europe are its friends. By sending their armies to conquer us, the monarchs of Europe would withdraw the weight which now holds their people in subjection, and thus provide both themselves and their armed myrmidons with graves. But the scheme is too absurd to waste paper upon—it is like the crew of a scuttled ship threatening Gibraltar.

But would it be believed that the very men who talk so loudly of "piracy" in connection with the Cuban invasion, have themselves interfered time and again in the internal affairs of Spain and her colonies—the only difference being that they waited till civil war had actually begun. This, it may be said, makes all the difference. We acknowledge that it does make a difference—and therefore we censured the Lopez invasion—but it is absurd to say that it makes all the difference between a morally blameless intervention and "piracy." To call the Lopez invaders "pirates" or "buccaneers," is a scandalous abuse of terms. They were neither. They were rash, imprudent, mistaken men, who endangered the peace of Cuba and of the United States, without sufficient cause—and with justice that to raise the hopes of the expedition to which we refer, would be to encourage "the aggressive and daring" spirit of the United States. A coalition between England, France, Spain, Denmark and Holland is advised, to defend Cuba, and interpose a check to the "grasping ambition" of the American Union. And the London correspondent of the North American, of this city, says:

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MILITARY BOUNTY BILL.

This bill has at length passed one branch of the Legislature, and as it somewhat appears, under the operation of a species of dragoonage or whipping-in. Be this as it may, we do not think the subject has yet received that calm consideration which its importance demands at the hands of Congress. It is one of those things which bear not only upon the moment, but have a powerful influence on the future. If we would really reward the soldier, let us do it in reality. Let us not "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to his hope!" so we uncordly shall do, if we grant him pensions or immunities, which he can enjoy only through the agency of brokerage. Let us look at this Bounty Bill, in its general features.

It provides for the distribution of land warrants to the surviving soldiers (or their widows) of the Last War, and all the Indian wars back to that known as "Gen. Wayne's," after the Revolution. These warrants, as will be seen by the Bill (in our Congressional proceedings) entitle the *holder* to 160 acres of land, or loan, as the soldier's term of service may have merited—it is variously estimated that from twenty to fifty millions of acres of land will be required to satisfy these land warrants. Hitherto, if the Bill goes through, will be issued immediately. Now, such an immense issue of land-scrip, will have the effect that the bounty-scrip of the Mexican War produced—to deteriorate the value of the public lands to the lowest point possible; indeed, the effect of this scrip will be immeasurably worse than that of the former; because the value of 160 acres of land was then fixed (the soldier having the choice of $100 *instead* of the land). Even then, however, so great was the number of warrants in the market, that they often fell below par, and speculators bought them up from needy soldiers, at prices as low as thirty and forty dollars; and this because the holder could not undergo the expense or delay of proving, at Washington, the correctness of his scrip.

Now, what will cause when scrip to the amount of thirty or forty million acres of land, floods the market? Can every poor holder get better money than a dollar? Will his necessities permit him to wait for years, with the warrant in his pocket? No! the only course for the majority will be to sell their scrip. But to whom? The brokers, at the present time, have more land warrants on hand than they can dispose of. It is true they bought them for a song on speculation. But now they are unmeltable. Consequently, your land-broker, it may have been forced, has been very active in opposing the present Bounty Bill; and many worthy people have thought that because such brokers opposed it, it must be essentially good. But the true reason of their opposition is found in the fact of their already having their hands full of land-scrip. They foresee that this Bill, by absorbing millions of acres into the market, will cause a glut of the article, and thus render what they now hold (and have paid for) a drug. This is why they (the land-brokers) have decried the bill.

But behind these gentlemen stand another set of individuals. They are your large capitalists and land-speculators, who have more money than the go-between land-agent. These are such men as the "noble foreigner," who lately purchased thirty-five thousand acres of our national lands, and holds them now for speculation. And such too as the gentleman (and Member of Congress) alluded to by Hon. H. D. Moore, of this city, in his recent speech in the House on the subject, who owns a whole county in Illinois, and yet resides in New York. Such as these stand ready to act when this Bounty Bill shall pass. What will they do?

Why, they will wait till land has fallen to a mere nominal figure in the market. They will then purchase through their agents; and we will venture to predict that the average sum which soldiers or soldiers' widows obtain for their warrants, will not be *twenty dollars*. This is rewarding poor soldiers with a vengeance.

But what will the speculator gain? Ah, he will "put out" his money to advantage. He will buy up valleys and hills, and prairies, townships and counties, at about the rates of the old Indian trades, (as acre for a pipe-stem), and then he will, quietly put his money in his strong box. He can afford to wait; for he pays no taxes till he shall *locate* his lands; he holds millions of dollars worth of property—but will pay no tax—because it is not *registered*. When, he wishes to sell, or settle, *then*, possibly, he may begin to pay taxes; but, though land may rise in value $100 per acre, and he possess a million acres in warrants, Uncle Sam will be no richer for a tax—until the speculator chooses to locate.

Now, we ask, is this Bounty Land Bill a just, equal bill—or does it answer its professed end? Will it not be productive of evil instead of good? We think so. We think that the Government has acted honorably in the matter, though they allege it has manifested an utter inefficiency to enforce its treaty stipulations. All the papers, however, regard the affair in a very serious one, and think high time for Europe to awaken to the "aggressive and daring" spirit of the United States. A coalition between England, France, Spain, Denmark and Holland is advised, to defend Cuba, and interpose a check to the "grasping ambition" of the American Union. And the London correspondent of the North American, of this city, says:

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EMIGRANTS AND LAND-SHARKS.

According to late statements in the English papers, it appears that our American municipal regulations are evaded with impunity, and the public cheated the wiser. Particular complaints are made abroad, concerning the imposition and annoyance to which "emigrants of all classes" are exposed on landing at New York. If the statements are true, we rather think that the blame lies, if anywhere, at the doors of our emigrant societies here, which profess to extend help and guidance to their stranger countrymen. Certainly, it should be the duty of some one, whether officers of police or others, to attend at the landing of emigrants, when a ship arrives, and at least interpose with authority, between strangers and those who would deceive them.—In the London Times, of a recent date, a letter appeared upon this subject, from an English gentleman, who gave his name; and the following is an extract of it:

I arrived last week by one of the London liners, having 178 steerage and 20 cabin passengers on board. As soon as the health officer had left the ship, we were boarded by a swarm of touters for the various boarding and conveyance houses, steamboats and railways, and a scene ensued which defies description. The violent behaviour, foul language, and contradictory statements of these men quite bewildered the unfortunate emigrants; and their confusion was complete when, on reaching the wharf, a crowd of cabmen and porters joined the throng of "runners." It was almost impossible for even the cabin passengers to free themselves from the importunities of these men, and had I not received the greatest assistance from the officers of the ship and the Custom House (of whose courtesy I cannot speak too highly), I am certain my own luggage would never have reached the track in safety, the ships between us and the wharf, as well as the wharf itself, being crowded with persons of the lowest class and character. By the subsequent late of the majority of the emigrants I cannot speak from observation (though I am informed that they are generally plunder-of most cruelly), but for the following I can vouch, having been the means of exposing and prevent-ing the imposition:—A gentleman proceeding to the Western States with his family, was charged $3.15c. for the carriage of his goods from the ship to the canal boat (less than two miles), the same things having been removed from the Regent's Park to the London Docks for 30s. This claim was enforced with such violence, and accompanied by such threats, that it was with difficulty I succeeded the parties concerned to allow me to take the responsibility on myself, and the man before the police a-Sheriffs. On doing so, his claim was reduced to £2 10s.; but I am convinced with personal vengeance and a legal process for the recovery of the whole amount, he would not dare to do it. The whole amount, and was subjected to such insult and threats (even in the police office), as would, I am certain, have deterred many people from entering the matter out. I may add, that another fellow passenger with but little luggage, which was not removed a mile, was charged £1 7s., which was reduced in the same way to 5s 6d.

A HURRICANE.

The following description of a hurricane on the Greenland Route to California, is by Mr. Patterson, one of the editors of the Opumuka Spectator:

"The wind has troubled us more than any thing else, for several days. The prairies have mostly been burnt off by the emigration ahead of us, very recently, and the ashes and fine sand were anything but agreeable to our eyes. On Monday night, about 8 o'clock, a light breeze was playing around us, and the balmy air betokened a pleasant night. Our coffee was boiling upon the stove, and, with appetites rendered doubly acute by the fatiguing labor of the day, we were seated in our tents, eagerly awaiting the summons of our cooks to partake of that best of meals—a good supper—when we perceived a change in the atmosphere, and heard a rushing, surging sound, like the beating of waves upon a sandy beach. Another moment, and the fare-prominations of the coming storm,—a shower of dust and ashes, succeeded, as it came down upon us in all its wild fury, snapping tent pins, sweeping away tents, stoves, victuals, saddles, blankets; filling the air with a cloud of dust and coal-black ashes, till the last ray of starlight was shut out, and the nostrils and eyes rendered dust-holes for the sweepings of the burnt prairie. Imagine the scene, if you can, for it cannot be described. A hurricane is a 'mighty wind,' when you are obliged to face the blast, but when to the wind is added a suffocating cloud of blinding and stinging sand and ashes, you would be very apt to think with us, that the 'Elephant' was scratching gravel somewhere in the neighborhood."

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS

SENATE.

On the 23d, Mr. Davis, of Mass., presented a memorial praying for a modification of the Tariff Act, and read a statement concerning the sufferings of the manufacturing interests. Referred to the Finance committee.

Mr. Rusk introduced a bill to raise two more Regular Regiments, and then the Senate proceeded to consider the Adjustment Bill. The question was on Mr. Soule's amendment, as follows:

"That when California shall, by her Legislature, signify her acceptance of the parallel of 36 30, North latitude, called the Missouri line, it is hereby declared to be the duty of all officers to the public domain in her limits, the President of the United States shall declare her to be one of the States of this Union, and on equal footing with the original States.

And, that the sum collected by the United States from the Customs in the ports of California, be returned to the Treasury of the State.

Also, that the Senators and Representatives elect from California, receive mileage and pay equal to that allowed to the Delegate from the Territory of Oregon.

Also, That the territory of South California be organized with the same provisions as those prescribed for Utah; and that, when the people thereof shall form a State Constitution, and the State may be admitted with or without slavery, as the people may provide.

Mr. Soule had the floor, discussing the Missouri Compromise, and advocating the adoption of that line in the present bill. After which, Mr. Douglass obtained the floor, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 24th, Mr. Foote introduced a resolution, calling upon the President for all orders, correspondence, &c., in relation to or connection with the appointment of Colonel Munroe, as Civil and Military Governor of New Mexico, and no Proclamation issued by him for the organization of a State Government in New Mexico. Lies over.

The Omnibus bill was taken up, and Mr. Cooper, of Penna., began a speech in favor of it. Then adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 25th, Mr. Inge moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the Bounty Land Bill, which motion was agreed to.

After various amendments were offered, and voted down, Mr. Miller offered a substitute for the bill which had been agreed on by the caucus of Saturday night.

Several amendments were offered, and a stormy discussion took place, in which much was said about "sneaks and dodgers," etc. After much confusion, the Committee rose; when the substitute for the bill as agreed on by the caucus of the friends of the measure, was concurred in, and the bill, as thus amended, was passed—yeas 155, nays 16.

The following is the substitute-bill, as it passed:

Be it enacted &c. That each of the surviving commissioned officers, musicians and privates, officers, musicians and privates, whether of regular, volunteers, rangers or militia, who performed military service in any Indian war, campaign or battle, prior to the year 1842, in which the United States, in the war with Great Britain and by the Treaty of Ghent, in the 18th of June 1815, or in any of the Indian wars, since 1790, and each of the commissioned officers who were engaged in the service of the United States in the war with Mexico, shall be entitled, the twelve months thereof to be reckoned each year, and the time spent in such service to eighty acres of land, or eight dollars per month, at the option of the person so serving, or his heirs, to be selected from any part thereof, if a regular or volunteer, and if a ranger or militia, from any part thereof, if a ranger or militia, or in lieu thereof, if a regular or volunteer, or was discharged in consequence of wounds received in the service, to bounty land, under any act of Congress heretofore passed.

Sec. 2. That each commissioned and non-commissioned officer, musician or private, for whom provision is made by the first section of this act, who shall have a certificate or warrant from the Department of War, showing the time of service for which he may be entitled, and which may be located by the WRITING of his assignee, or heirs at law, at any time within three years from the date of his certificate or warrant, to the full subdivision of the public lands, which shall be subject to sale in such districts, then subject to private entry, and upon the return of such certificate or warrant, with evidence of the location thereof, having been legally made to the Land Office, a patent shall be issued therefor.

That in the event of the death of any commissioned officer, musician or private, entitled to the benefit of this act, who shall not have made a location, and who shall have left a widow, or if she be dead, a minor child or children, and shall insure to the benefit of his widow, or if she was married to such officer at a subsequent period, to the widow of such officer, the whole of the bounty land to which the husband and father would under this act, if living, or upon which there shall be an actual settlement and improvement, enjoy with the consent of such widow, to be satisfactorily proven to her proper legal officers.

Sec. 3. That all sales, mortgages, letters of attorney, or any instrument of writing giving authority for the use of them to any warrant or certificate herein before provided for, made or executed prior to the issue of such warrant or certificate, shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever, and such certificate or warrant of the land obtained therefrom, shall be issued to the person who shall be entitled to the benefit of any debt or claim incurred by such officer or soldier prior to the issuing of the patent therefor, and the land so located, or its value, shall not be subject to any person who is a member of the present Congress.

The House then adjourned.

On the 26th, Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, asked leave to introduce a resolution calling on the President for information relative to affairs in New Mexico, &c. Objection was made by Mr. Otis, consequently leave was refused.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the report in the lowa contested election case.

On motion of Mr. Van Dyke, D. F. Miller, who contests the seat of Wm. Thompson, was allowed the privilege of addressing the House on the subject. The report covering twenty closely printed pages, was then read by the Clerk.

Messrs Strong and McDonald argued in favor of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson of Kentucky, for Mr. Miller. Without coming to any conclusion, the House adjourned.

On the 27th, the House resumed the consideration of the report on the Iowa contested election case.

Mr. McGaughey, of Indiana, said that five members of the Committee had decided to receive the vote of Kanzeville, and seven of the Committee had decided to reject it. Which of them would elect the contestant; but notwithstanding this the five Democratic members of the Committee have decided in favor of the sitting member.

Mr. Evans, of Maryland, followed in favor of Mr. Miller.

Mr. Davis, of Mass., addressed the Senate at length, against the entire bill, and in support of the principle of the Wilmot Proviso.

Afterwards, (at assent to the desire of Mr. Clay, a general agreement was made to have a vote on the engrossment of the bill on Wednesday next. Then after Executive Session, the Senate adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Seward submitted a resolution, which lies over, instructing the Committee on Commerce to consider and report on the expediency of instructing a survey, by the Topographical Engineer of the United States of the banks of the Mississippi River subject to overflow, for the purpose of ascertaining an effectual mode of preventing the injury of inundations, by the construction of necessary embankments and canals.

A resolution of Mr. Hale, inquiring whether there may not be a prospective reduction of naval officers in the United States, without injury to the public service, was adopted.

Mr. Cass called up a resolution submitted by him the day previous, in relation to prohibiting officers in the army from exercising civil authority within the limits of the United States, and providing adequate punishment for such crimes.

Mr. Pratt said if the person to whom reference was made in the resolution, had acted without authority of law, and without instructions from the Executive, but had by his own authority attempted to organize a Government in New Mexico, the Committee should also inquire whether there is not any mode of punishing such officer for such offence.

Mr. Cass was very indignant that Col. Munroe should have dared, after Congress had been deliberating seven months upon the subject, to cut the gordian knot by calling a Convention to institute a State Government for New Mexico. He said that Gen. Riley had no right to do what he had done in California. He admitted, however, the right of the people, whether ten or ten thousand, to form a Government for their own protection. The people of California came together and formed their Constitution as it was their right to do; and their act was valid, not by virtue of any call, or by any pretended authority, but solely because they chose to act.—He adm tted that the people of New Mexico had a right to form a Government; but not a State Government, because he did not deem them capable of such a Government, or ready for admission into the Union. It was clear that all these proceedings of the Military Commissioners of these Territories were irregular, usurpative and void.

Mr. Seward replied that the cases of California and New Mexico were precisely similar. That New Mexico stands now on exactly the same platform as California. That Colonel Munroe was justified by the precedent of Gen. Riley's action, which had never been censured. As to all the talk about military power, &c., it amounted to simply this:—A military governor, in possession of the government of one of the territories of the United States, instead of insisting upon his military rule, favors and aids the people in making use of the constitutional mode of relieving themselves from such a government. He could see, in such an act, no cause of censure.

Mr. Houston followed in a speech of some length, charging President Taylor with a prejudice against the State of Texas and her people, which had led him to advise and insult them during the Mexican war, and, also, as President, to commit this gross violation of her rights.

The Omnibus Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Cooper, of Penna., began a speech in favor of it. Then adjourned to Monday.

General News.

A New Cure for Cholera.—Dr. Macrae, in hospital at Howrah, has, according to the Indian news, discovered a new and most successful mode of treating cholera patients. He causes them to inhale a certain quantity of oxygen gas, which contributes a strong stimulating effect, and finally throws the patient into a refreshing sleep. On awaking, he finds himself restored to health, with the exception of a general weakness, which always succeeds any physical prostration. Dr. Macrae had tested his mode of practice upon fifteen European seamen, who have been carried to the Howrah Hospital in the last stage of the disease, and the patient has in every instance recovered.

Unhallant Indians.—At a recent peace council, brought about by Governor Ramsey, between those inveterate enemies, the Sioux and Chippewas, "some of the American ladies having seated themselves in the Council, the Sioux rose and left the tent in a very ungallant manner, as was thought; but they afterwards stated the reason to have been the termination of the talk, but some of them said they did not council with women, and consequently left. Hole-in-the-Day, a Chippewa Chief, requested that the ladies might remain, and cheer his tribe, which gallantry was acknowledged by many of the ladies in a substantial manner."

"You shall have your battalion at once, if it has to be a class of our elders," said one, himself a rolling elder. A central "mass meeting" for Council, some barangues at the more remotely scattered camps, an American flag brought out from the storehouse of things received, and handed to the top of a tree-mast—and, in three days, the force was reported, mustered, organized and ready to march.

At last the wandering people reached the Great Salt Lake, and found the future State of Deseret. Two troubles threatened them at the outset.

The shores of the Salt Lake are infested by a sort of insect pest, which claims a vile resemblance to the Locust of the Sacred Scriptures. Wingless, dumpy, black, swollen-bodied, with bulging eyes in cases like goggles, mounted upon long and strong white clock-legs, and with a personal appearance that justified the Mormons in comparing him to a cross of the spider on the tarantula, he commenced his march from the mountains at a certain season of the year, in vexatious and desolating myriads. It was the Mormon Chief himself who first saw the new settlers were in the full glory of their youthful green. The assailants could not be repulsed, the Mormons could not fly, they could only fight, and fought, and fought and prayed, but in no purpose. The "Black Philistines" mowed their way in the cornfields with a sickle (as if bearded with an axe), or burnt by fire.

But an unlooked for ally came to the rescue. Vast armies of bright birds, before strangers to this country, hastened across the lake from some unknown quarter, and gorged themselves upon the well fatted enemy. They were small, active, graceful birds, with long bill, dark eyes, slender feet, and long wings, that seemed to fight like an angel's." At first the Mormons thought they were sent as messengers to pounce them; but when they found them bent on devouring the locust, they were careful not to molest them in their youthful green. The assailants could not be repulsed, the Mormons could not fly, they could only fight, and fought and prayed, but in no purpose. The "Black Philistines" mowed their way in the cornfields with a sickle (as if bearded with an axe), or burnt by fire.

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Selected Poetry.

THE ANNOYER.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

"Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."—*Shelly.*

Love knocketh everybody's house,
And every human hound,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like people we don't want.
The turnpike roads, and little creeks,
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice like a thousand brooks,
In the lowing of the herds.

He peeps into the monster's lair
From his Boston Vista's rim,
And the cracking whips of many men
Can never frighten him.
He'll come to his cart in the weary night,
When he's dreaming of his craft,
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a man on a river raft.

He hears the sound of the cooper's mile,
And makes him too his dupe,
For he sights in his ear from the shaving pile,
As he hammers on the hoop.
The little girl, the boardless boy,
The men that walk or stand,
He will get them all in his mighty arms,
Like the grasp of your very hand.

The shoemaker hangs above his bench,
And ponders his shining awl,
For love is under the lap-stone hid,
And a spell is on the mail.
It leaves the note where he drives the pegs,
And speaks in every blow,
'Till the last is dropped from his crafty hand,
And his foot hangs here below

He blows the prints which the shopmen sell,
And intrudes on the latter's trade,
And profanes the hostler's stable-yard
In the shape of the chamberm'aid.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
Knowing that he can win,
In every home of good-looking folks
Will human love come in.

The Supernatural.

GHOST-KNOCKINGS.

FROM "THE HOME JOURNAL."

The damage to the renting of a house by the knowledge that there have been mysterious noises heard in it, and the unwillingness of most persons to become subjects of public conjecture and curiosity, would prevent the making public of most of the instances—supposing that spirit-knockings were now becoming general and frequent. Changing, *ourself*, to know of three cases, the publicity of which is carefully avoided for them reasons. (and not seeing how or why we should know more of such things than our neighbors,) we feel justified in thinking it probable that the phenomenon—whatever it be—is more common than has been supposed. It is not two ghosts or two mediums, who have the monopoly of it—not two impostors nor twenty, (if imposture it be,) who have hit on the same trick, with the same manner of performing it, in different and very distant places. Let it turn out what it will, the topic is one so much discussed, that all what throws light upon it is interesting, and we will "scoop up" for our readers, the bubble or so that has floated from the general stream into our eddy editorial.

The first story we have to tell is rather to the disparagement of ghosts, and goes to show that the mind may remain pretty much the same, for a while, after death, weaknesses and all. It was narrated in a letter to a private gentleman in this city, by an English friend with whom he is in familiar correspondence. Names cannot be given, for the reasons we specified in the first sentence of this article, and it was written with no thought of publicity—but the writer is a man of remarkable mind and attainments, and the correspondence is mainly upon topics of religious and moral progress. We briefly give the facts.

The wife and children of Mr. W. had been very much disturbed for some months, by unaccountable knockings. An occasional and inexplicable warning of the bed-curtains was another phenomenon which troubled them. They occupied an old house, of which Mr. W. had a long lease; but, as he wished to dispose of his lease and move to another part of London, and as he thought these phenomena were tricks that would be explained, he forbade a mention of the circumstances, as likely to prejudice the lease, and they were a family secret accordingly.—Though not a physician, he was a man of considerable medical knowledge, and, a female counsiding subject to fits of epilepsy, he had tried experiments of animal magnetism for her cure.—These had been partially successful, when, or magnetizing her, in one of her fits, she changed from a passive state to a look of intelligence.

"What! a singular old woman is in the room!" she suddenly exclaimed.

No one being present but Mr. W. and his wife, he questioned the epileptic, getting gradually a description by which they recognized his grandmother, who had been dead several years. He requested her to ask the old lady what she wanted.

"She is most anxious to speak to yourself," was the reply.

Farther parley induced the venerable ghost to open her mind through a second person. She was distressed at the neglect with which her dresses and ornaments were treated, her favorite and valuable things left to mould in out-of-the-way corners, in a way that was insufferable, even where she was.

Having entirely forgotten the existence of these articles, Mr. W. inquired where they were. The old lady at once gave explicit directions where they could be found, and *found they were* in the very places described, and in the very condition which had vexed the unchanged memory of the departed. They were attended to, and there were no supernatural noises for some months.

A recurrence of an attack, while the counsiding was on a visit to the house, some time afterwards, brought animal magnetism again into play, and, at the moment of the patient's subjection to the influence, a violent knocking was once more heard. Patient did not, this time, become clairvoyant, and no communication was received in any intelligible shape from the unlaid grandmother. The knockings at night were resumed, however, and Mr. W. determined to try if he could himself get a demonstration, and, in that case, to speak his mind, with the hope that deafness was not among the ills that ex flesh is heir to. He took a book and kept himself awake till after midnight, and then tried to *will up* the knockings. At two, they suddenly resounded, and he then proceeded to give his grandmother a lecture. He laid before her, in plain terms, the sin that was disturbing the family, the risk of damaging his interests, and the better things she ought, for decency's sake, to appear to be thinking about, between this and judgment day. As he went on, the knockings, by their increase: rapidity as they broke in, from time to time, expressed displeasure; and, at the last allusion and its reproof, there was a perfect storm of raptings. Mr. W. then bade his grandmother good-night, and went to bed—*once asked the knockings here were no more heard.*

Dwell as this is, it is narrated with perfect sincerity by a strong-minded and highly educated man, and we call on the reader to credit thus much—though he may put what construction he pleases on the circumstances it details for facts. Supposing it true, it would suggest a query reasonable enough, viz:—whether those who were wedded most exclusively to this life and its trivialities are not those who cling most to it after death, and are not most eager and most fitted, by grumble on some way to speak to us. Ghosts have continually appeared, to see about property, buried money, and such mere matters of this world, whereas no intelligent ghost (that we ever heard of, at least,) has once put his nose here, through the dropped curtain of time and desire, to tell us a single thing that is either useful or agreeable. And yet, that all ghosts, genius and simple, see things with their new eyes which it would be most interesting for us to know, can scarcely be doubted. Is it possible that none but a "low" ghost would have any communications with us? The reader will follow out the idea.

To give a second instance:—

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been a politician for many years, (and, of course, had no nerves that anything unsubstantial could much worry,) heard of a farm which could be bought cheap, because "the house was haunted." Feeling simply obliged to the ghosts for the accommodation, he became the purchaser, and moved there with his family for summer quarters. Mis wife had no objection to the disqualification of the place, for she was a Swedenborgian, and was willing to see any spirit who had an errand to her. They had been there but a short time when the "knockings" commenced. The new tenant was a famous cross-examining lawyer, and would believe nothing on plausibilities. He set all his wits to work to discover how the ghosts did their pounding—for they were the blows of a sledge hammer apparently—and, the house being a wooden one, the disturbance to sleep and comfort amounted to a serious nuisance. He was wholly unsuccessful. Three days ago he told the writer of this that it was still a complete mystery. His object, (to her own belief,) was soon a spirit walk through the locked door of her bed-room, but as it made no communication, they remain in the dark as to its object. The place has no history beyond crops. It has been occupied always by such people as some but very illiterate ghosts could have had any acquaintance with.

One instance more:—

A family of young people, whom we know very well, moved into a new three-story brick house, in the upper part of this city, last year.—Spirits are supposed to haunt only antiquated dwellings, but, here, they even got the start of rats, cockroaches, and other nuisances, for, unaccountable knockings were heard before the coming in of the bill for the first quarter's rent. They sent down to order the servants to stop pounding, on the evening when they first heard it, but the cook was alone and had done nothing of the kind. They lit candles at night, and, again and again, ransacked the house from garret to cellar, to find out what that confounded knocking could be, and discovered nothing that would any way explain it. Being young people, full of health, and with no unsettled accounts worth a dead man's while to come back about, they are getting gradually indifferent to it, already alluding to the matter with more fun than terror.

HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHEALTHY.

Under this title, Harriet Martineau is publishing a series of articles, written in a vein of keen and delicate irony, exposing certain popular follies and errors. It is only fair to say that some of her strictures are rather more applicable to the climate of England than the hot summer skies of America. From one of these articles, entitled "The Light Nuisance," suggested by the refusal of the Commons to abolish the "Light Tax," a tax on windows, we clip the following:

Darkness is better than daylight certainly.

Now this admits of proof. For, let me ask, where do you find the best part of a lettuce?—not in the outside leaves. Which are the choice parts of celery?—of course, the white shoots in the middle. Why, sir? Because light has never come to them. They become white and luxurious by tying up, by earthing up, by any contrivance which has kept the sun at bay. It is the same with man: while we obstruct the light by putting brick and board where glass suggests itself, and mock the light by picturing impracticable windows on our outside walls,—so that our houses stare about like blind men with glass eyes,—while this is done, we sit at home and blanch, we become in our dim apartments pale and delicate, we grow to look refined, as gentlemen and ladies ought to look.

Ladies know that. To keep their faces pale, they pull the blinds down in the drawing room, they put a veil between their countenances and the sun when they go out, and carry, like good soldiers, a great shield on high, by name a parasol, to ward his darts off. They know better than to let the old god kiss them into color, as he does the peasant. They dare not risk the green fruit; and we all know that to be a delicacy.

Yet there are men among us daring to propose that there shall no longer be protection against light; men who would tax a house by its capaciousness, and let the sun shine into it unhindered. The so-called sanitary people really seem to look upon their fellow creatures as so many cucumbers. But we have not yet fallen so far back in our development. Disease is a privilege. Those who only know the tender touch of a wife's hand, the quiet kiss, the soothing whisper, can appreciate its worth. All who are not dead to the tenderest emotions will lament the day when light is turned on without limit in our houses. We have no wish to be blazed upon.—Frequently pestilence itself avoids the sunny side of any street, and prefers walking in the shade. Nay, even in one building, as in the case of a great barrack at St. Petersburg, there will be three calls made by disease on the shady side of the establishment for every one visit that it pays to the side brightened by the sun; and this is known to happen uniformly, for a series of years. Let us be warned, then. There must be no increase of windows in our houses; let us curtain those we have, and keep our blinds well drawn. Let morning sun or afternoon sun fire no volleys in upon us. Faded curtains, faded carpets, silky blinds forbid! But faded faces are desirable. It is a cheering spectacle on summer afternoons to see the bright rays beating on a row of windows, all the way down a street, and failing to find entrance anywhere. Who wants more windows? Is it not obvious that, when daylight really comes, every window we possess is counted one too many? If we could send up a large balloon into the sky, with Mr. Bradwood and a fire-engine, to get the flames of the sun under, just a little bit, that would be something rational. More light, indeed! Mere water next, no doubt! As if it were not perfectly notorious that in the houses of light, water, and air, Nature outran the constable. We have to keep out light with blinds and veils, and various machinery, as we would keep out cockroaches with waters; we keep out air with pads and curtains; and still there are impertinent reformers clamoring to increase our difficulty, by giving us more windows to protect against the inroads of those household nuisances.

One topic more. Let it be clearly understood that against artificial light we can make no objections. Between sun and candle there are more contrasts, than the mere difference in brilliancy. The light which comes down from the sky not only cuts no air out of our mouths, but it comes charged with mysterious and subtle principles which have a purifying, vivifying power. It is a powerful ally of health, and we make war against it. But artificial light contains no sanitary marvels. When the gas streams through half-a-dozen jets into your room, and burns there and gives light; when the candles become shorter and shorter until they are "burnt out" and seen no more; you know what happens. Nothing in Nature ceases to exist. Your camphene has left the lamp, but it has not vanished out of being.—Not an atom has been converted into light. Light is a visible action; and can lies are no more converted into light when they are burning, than breath is converted into speech when you are talking. The breath, having produced speech, mixes with the atmosphere; gas, camphene, candles, having produced light, die the same. If you saw fifty wax-lights shrink to their sockets last week in an unventilated ball-room, yet, though invisible, they had not left you; for their elements were in the room, and you were breathing them.—Their light had been a sign that they were combining chemically with the air; in so combining they were changed, but they became a poison. Every artificial light is of necessity a workshop for the conversion of gas, oil, spirit, or candle, into respirable poison. Let no sanitary tongue persuade you that the more we have of such a process, the more need we have of ventilation. Ventilation is a catchword for the use of agitators, in which it does not become any person of refinement to exhibit interest.

The following hint will be received thankfully by gentlemen who would be glad to merit spectacles. To make your eyes weak, use a fluctuating light; nothing can be better adapted for your purpose than what are called "mould" candles. The joke of them consists in this:—they begin with giving you sufficient light, but, as the wick grows, the radiance decreases, and your eye gradually accommodates itself to the decrease—suddenly they are snuffed, and your eye leaps back to its original adjustment, there begins another slide, and then leaps back again. Much practice of this kind serves very well as a familiar introduction to the use of glasses.

SHAKER BIBLE.

We had a glimpse, a day or two since, of a Shaker Bible—a book not often allowed to be seen by the world's people." It is entitled "A Holy, Sacred and Divine Roll from the Lord God of Heaven to the inhabitants of the earth, revealed in the Society of New Lebanon, County of Columbia, State of New York, United States of America." This edition was published seven years since, at the Shaker establishment at Canterbury, New Hampshire—and the publishers say that, at they have no regular printer among them, "the mechanical execution may not be perfect in all its parts." We imagine, however, that some printer has a hand in it, from its neatness and accuracy—unless, indeed, it was printed by inspiration. It pretends to be a revelation—and the testimony of eleven mighty angels is given, who attended the writing of the roll. One of the angels is named Connecticut-Sab-mon-ane, and another, Fre-lan-tan-ras te-ta-ra-ve-ne. According to the angelic injunction, the book must be printed and bound by the Shakers themselves, to prevent its sacredness from being polluted by profane hands. The printing was done at Canterbury, but it was found so far necessary to deviate from the divine command as to go to Concord to have the volume bound—there being no bookbinders at the establishment. It is bound in yellow, according to the order from on high. The book appears to contain some passages from Scripture, altered, amended, enlarged, or curtailed, with original additions of improvements, as they are probably deemed, to suit the peculiar notions of the disciples of Anne Lee. It is a very curious volume—even more remarkable, though of less pretended antiquity, than the Mormon Bible. A copy is ordered to be sent to every King or Potentate in Christendom—and one sent to the Governor of Canada, some time ago, was returned or refused.—*Lowell Courier.*

Wit and Humor.

THE JOKING CLERGYMAN.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript relates the following anecdotes of the Rev. Mather Byles, the well known joking clergyman of Boston. Mr. Byles lived at the time of the revolution, and was a tory:

The distillery of Thomas Hill was at the corner of Essex and South Streets, not far from Mr. Belknap's residence in Lincoln Street. Doctor Byles called on Mr. Hill, and inquired—

"Do you still?"

"That is my business," Mr. Hill replied.

"Then," said Dr. Byles, "will you go with me, and still my wife?"

As he was once occupied in nailing some list upon his doors, to exclude the cold, a parishioner said to him:

"The wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, Dr. Byles."

"Yes, sir," replied the Doctor, "and man listeth wheresoever the wind bloweth."

He was intimate with General Knox, who was a bookseller before the war. When the American troops took possession of the town, after the evacuation, Knox, who had become quite corpulent, marched in, at the head of his artillery.—As he passed *on*, Byles, who thought himself privileged, on old scores, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard—

"I never saw an *ox* (a Knox) latter in my life!"

But Knox was not in the vein. *He felt offended by this freedom, especially from Byles,* who was then well knowngto be a tory; and replied, in uncourtly terms, that he was a " —— fool."

"In May, 1777, Dr. Byles was arrested, as a tory, and subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement, on board a guard-ship, and to be sent to England with his family in forty days. This sentence was changed, by the board of war, to confinement in his own house. A guard was placed over him. After a time, the sentinel was removed, afterwards replaced, and again removed, when the Doctor exclaimed that he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded. He called his sentry his *observatory.*"

Perceiving, one morning, that the sentinel, a simple fellow, was absent, and seeing Dr. Byles himself, pacing before his own door, with a musket on his shoulder, the neighbors stepped over to inquire the cause:

"You see," said the Doctor, "I begged the sentinel to let me go for some milk for my family, but he would not suffer me to stir. I reasoned the matter with him, and he has gone himself to get it for me, on condition that I keep guard in his absence."

One bitter December night, he called his daughters from their bed, amply to inquire if they lay warm.

He had a small collection of curiosities. Some visitors called one morning; and Mrs. Byles, unwilling to be found at her ironing-board, and, in the emergency, desiring to hide herself, as she would not be so caught, by these ladies, for the world, the Doctor put her in the closet, and bolstered her in. After a few remarks, the ladies expressed a wish to see the Doctor's curiosities, which he proceeded to exhibit; and, after entertaining them very agreeably for several hours, he told them he had kept the greatest curiosity to the last; and, proceeding to the closet, unbottoned the door, and exhibited Mrs. Byles.

He had complained long, often, and fruitlessly, to the selectmen of a quagmire in front of his dwelling.

One morning two of the fathers of the town, after a violent rain, passing with their chaise, become stuck in the bog. As they were striving to extricate themselves, and pulling to the right and to the left, the Doctor came forth, and bowing with great politeness, exclaimed—

"I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you *stirring* in this matter at last."

A candidate for fame, proposed to fly from the North Church steeple, and had already mounted, and was clapping his wings, to the great delight of the mob. Doctor Byles, mingling with the crowd, inquired what was the object of the gathering.

"We have come, sir," said some one, "to see a man fly."

"Pob, pob," replied the Doctor, "I have seen a horse fly."

Upon the 19th of May, 1780, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to the Doctor, as follows:—

"Dear Doctor.—How do you account for this darkness?"

And received his immediate reply—

"Dear Madam.—I am as much in the dark as you are."

This, for sententious brevity, has never been surpassed, unless by the correspondence, between the comedians, Sam Foote, and his tailor:—

"Dear Sam:—I am in jail."

"Dear Monsieur.—So am I."

He had, at one time, a remarkably stupid, and literal Irish girl, as a domestic. With a look and voice of terror, he said to her, in haste:—

"Go and say to your mistress, Dr. Byles has put an end to himself."

The girl flew up stairs, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed, at the top of her voice—

"Dr. Byles has put an end to himself!"

The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlor—and there was the Doctor, calmly walking about, with a part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up in the street, tied to his coat, or cassock, behind.

From the time of the Stamp Act, in 1765, to the period of the Revolution, the cry had been repeated, in every form of piraseology, that our grievances should be redressed. One fine morning, when the multitude had gathered on the Common, to see a regiment of red-coats paraded there, who had recently arrived, "Well," said the Doctor, gazing at the spectacle, "I think that we can no longer complain, that our grievances are not *red dressed.*"

"True," said one of the laughers, who were standing near, "but you have two ds, Doctor Byles."

"To be sure, sir, I have," the Doctor instantly replied, "I had them from Aberdeen, in 1765."

Had not this eccentric man possessed some very excellent and amiable qualities, he could not have maintained his clerical relation to the Hollis Street Church and society for three-and-forty years, from 1723 to 1776, and have separated from them, at last, for political considerations alone.

The Dedham Democrat, in quoting the above, appends another anecdote.

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Taking the Census.—"Madam, will you please inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?"

"Six?"

"The population in this mansion."

"Well, there is eight in the room over head."

"How many?"

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"Are they all adults?"

"No; they are eli Smiths, except two boarders."

"Smiths; black or white smiths, madam?"

"I'd have you know I don't live in a house with niggers."

"I didn't allude to color; I meant their calling."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, if you'd been here last night, you'd have found out, for they was calling the watch so loud as they could scream."

"Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living."

"Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see, there's the two Mullinses—that's one."

"That makes two, madam."

"Well, if you know best, count 'em yourself."

"It is my business to inquire, madam."

"Well, you had better attend to it, then, and not bother me."

"Madam, I am out with the census, and—"

"Well, you act out of your senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such questions."

"It is in accordance with an act of Congress, madam."

"Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever his name is, that he acts very foolish, sending you round asking such shallow, silly questions."

Buffaloes.—Two English tourists having arrived at Boston during the snow season, ordered a sleigh, having heard of such a thing in a general way, without being conversant with the particulars of it:

"Will you have a buffalo or two?" asked the ostler."

"Why," says the cockney, looking a little frightened, "we'll have only one the first time, as we're not used to driving *them.*"

Playing the Amiable.—Amorous young gentlemen should be cautious of borrowing poetry. A lover was once whispering expressions of admiration into the ear of his mistress, and borrowed a sentimental strain from Philip Sydney. When he paused from failure of recollection, the lady said, "Pray, sir, go on. The next page is much better."

Good Evidence.—"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Sauntung, is very fond of kissing."

"Mind your seam, Julia; who told you such nonsense?"

"Ma, I had it from his own lips."

Selected Articles.

A PARISIAN LADY.

A correspondent at Paris gives the following description of a fashionable lady of Paris:—

I called, a few days since, with a friend of mine, upon a lady for whom she had a letter—a lady living in what is called the *grand monde*—that is on the very pinnacle of fashion. It was two o'clock when we reached the house, but her ladyship was not yet up, and the consequence was, we had to wait about an hour and a half. We were shown into her boudoir *for the reception of day visitors.* It was a large room, completely hung, ceiling, walls, windows, and doors, with rose-colored satin damask. There were three windows, but neither of them opened out of doors; they looked, two into a long gallery, and one into a saloon. The object of this was, of course, not to have too strong a light for the lady's complexion. There were several small, exquisitely painted porcelain tables in the room, strewn with a quantity of rich and costly nothings—the chairs and lounges were of sculptured ebony, completely covered with damask to match the hangings, and on the gilt mantelpiece there stood two magnificent Sevres vases, filled with natural flowers—a fortune in them selves at this season of the year.

At last the mistress of all this luxury made her appearance. She looked like a beautiful doll, as she courtesied gracefully into the room. We had been told that she was an elderly woman, and we knew that she had a daughter fifteen years of age, but at the first glance, I should have given her not one day over twenty years. She was dressed in a bright scarlet and blue plaid popelin, profusely trimmed about the waist with quilted ribbon to match, and black lace. The dress was cut after the Louis XIV. style, that is, high on the shoulders, but coming down square and very low on the bust; beneath this, she wore an elegantly worked chemisette, the sleeves were short, with white long gloves. Her hair was dressed in bands, but so perfectly smooth and lustrous, that we were certain that there was no lover's work, at least, upon it. The back hair was brought round in a broad band, resembling a sort of crown, and was fastened at the back by a coral comb, and all the sides by small coral roses. She wore coral ear-rings, and coral and cameo bracelets. Her cheeks were painted as only a French woman can paint herself to look natural, and she wore the trimming of her whole toilette—they were thick, black and glossy, but so delicately curved so narrow and pencilled, that it was very evident that art, not nature, formed them so. Towards the close of the interview, she seated herself on a lounge by me, and I took the opportunity, while she was talking to the other visitor, to examine these same eye-brows very closely. For the benefit of your fashionable readers, I give the result of my scrutiny, as follows:—The eyebrows are composed of fairy-like hairs, picked out their beards, and can by this means be made of any size or curve. Of course, the operation must be gone through with every day or two. So you see to what vanity will submit.

A PARISIAN DRESS-MAKER.

A Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican gives us some very readable accounts of fashionable life at the head quarters of fashion. The following is a picture of a French dressmaker in Paris:

Some of these ladies live in great magnificence in Paris. Your readers would perhaps like to have some little idea of it. An American friend, a very unaffected, lovely woman, went to the most fashionable mantua-maker here to have her dress made for the President's ball, and she thus described her visit:

I sent word to Madame ——— to know at what hour I should go to her; the servant brought back a note, scented and sealed note, containing these words:

"Madame ——— will receive Madame N——— to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock."

I was a little vexed at this extreme elegance, but went the next day at the hour specified. A servant in rich livery opened the door, when I rang, and then closing the door, sank down in a velvet chair in the hall, which it seems he never quits, except when the street bell rings; another servant in the same livery stepped forward as soon as I entered, and went before me up a magnificent flight of marble stairs, carpeted with imperial Turkey.

At the head of the stairs, he threw open a door, and I was ushered into a splendid saloon, carpeted like the stairs, furnished in crimson and gold, and the walls hung round with a great many fine paintings, which I stopped to look at when I had time to examine the room, another servant, likewise in livery, entered, and bowing like a Chinese mandarin, requested me to step into the *among room*, at the same time opening a small door covered with a mirror. The dressing room was small, but the walls were entirely covered by mirrors, which were draped at the ceiling with gold-colored satin. I had begun to be very much alarmed, and to think that I must have made a mistake, and got into the house of some foreign prince, when the multitude had gathered on the Common, to see a regiment of red-coats paraded there, who had recently arrived, "Well," said the Doctor, gazing at the spectacle, "I think that we can no longer complain, that our grievances are not *red dressed.*"

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NATIVE GRAPES.

BY N. LONGWORTH, Esq., of CINCINNATI.

Messrs. Editors:—About a year since, I made, through the medium of your paper, a request to persons in the United States, having new hardy grapes in their vicinity, promising to be of fine quality for the table or wine, to send me the cuttings, as I was anxious to test the quality of such, both as table grapes and for wine. After thirty years' experience, I have not found one foreign grape that would suit our climate. I have tried them from the extreme South to the snow-clad mountains of France, where the wine region suddenly terminates.

I obtained, last Spring, twenty-six kinds of native grape cuttings, twenty-four of which were new varieties with me. By grafting, I obtained fruit from a portion of them; and from the fruit, wood, and leaf, I expect four or five of them to be superior table grapes, and may prove valuable for wine. A portion of them, from the wood and leaf, are clearly the Fox-Grape. This grape can always be known from the wood and leaf.—The wood is covered with a hairy down, and the leaf thick, like leather, and white and rough on the under side. It generally bears but a few bunches, and most of them small, and the fruit has so much of the muscadine scent, that you can judge of their proximity when within one hundred feet of them. The skin is thick, and the pulp is hard. It would be rare indeed if one of this character should be valuable, either for the table or for wine. I should know something of this grape, for in my youth I saw none other, except the small winter grape, and then thought them delicious. The Catawba may be an improved seedling from it, as in all the Catawba seedlings I have seen, there is a disposition to go back to the Fox family. Among those sent me, were several of this family, and I fear they will prove of no value.

Cuttings must be the wood of last year's growth. And persons having or knowing of new hardy grapes in the vicinity, will do me a favor by sending me the cuttings, and the origin of the vine, and description of its fruit and quality, the size of the bunch, and of the berry, and the bearing character of the vine, and the time it ripens the fruit. The favor to me may be of little moment, compared with the benefit they may render the country. Many portions of the United States are destined to rival the best wine countries of Europe, and they may be the means of bringing to notice a native grape, that may be worth millions of dollars to the nation. In all cases, I shall request the person sending the grape to name it, if too modest to let me give it his name. Cuttings may be now sent, or any time before the vine begins to grow. I will send samples of the wine to persons sending cuttings, when of good quality.

A grape may not be fine for the table, but the juice may be pleasant when separated from the skin and pulp, and make a good wine. A great change is also wrought in the fermentation.—The Hagdeut crab-apple is not palatable, yet it has no equal as a cider fruit. Where there is an express line in the vicinity, they may be sent by it, as the expense will be no object.

Fast experience proves, that the Ohio River, is our vicinity, and for some distance above, is a long distance below, is as good a location for the vine as any in Europe, and will soon rival the best of them. We should plant the seed of our best native grapes, and select the most promising plants, which in easily done from the vigor of the plant, and the appearance of the wood and leaf. A cross between different varieties would also be desirable. The Catawba will be worth millions to the nation. Yet a better one may be found in our woods, or raised from seed. I shall be under obligation to editors who will notice that part of this which requests cuttings of new hardy grapes. Of the quality of all obtained last Spring, I can this Fall speak with certainty, as I shall not only have sufficient quantity of each, to test their quality for the table, but for wine also.

Cuttings should have some green moss covering their bottom ends, to keep them moist. Cut off one inch above an upper and lower eye of each cutting.

Where no other method of conveyance offers, a few grafts may be sent by mail, inclosed in three or four moist newspapers. Cut them one inch above an eye, and two inches below an eye. Two eyes to each graft will be sufficient. Select small solid wood.

Respectfully yours, N. L.

Naturalist.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT

What highest prize hath woman won
In science, or in art?
What mighty work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field or mart?
"She hath no Raphael!" Painting hath;
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her Shakspeare, or her Macbeth!
Her thought-wan victories!"

Wait, boastful Man! though worthy are
They deeds, when thou art time,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
One noble one we will show.
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still on man in wisdom grows,
He honors her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower
To make of earth a heaven!
And for her patient, holy love,
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom
For woman's best is unbeguiled
Her advent yet to come.

EASTERN WOMEN.

At home, the Eastern woman is a very child in her language, thoughts and habits. European ladies have told me of their interrupting the mistress of a Turkish mansion in the agreeable pastime of throwing pillows at her attendants while sometimes she has been discovered demolishing whole platefuls of sweetmeats. The rank of the husband never relieves the wife from the necessity of superintending the culinary preparations of the household. Even the principal Pasha usually cooks her husband's dinner, of which, however, she does not partake.

We often form exaggerated notions of the unhappiness of Turkish women; yet we must remember that what would be considered more degradation, would there be looked upon as a necessary part of female modesty. An Oriental female would deem herself lowered in the opinion of others, and in her own, if she went unveiled, or sat down at the same table with men. The customs, therefore, which impose these restrictions upon her are regarded by her as as decorous from the natural rules of right conduct, are, therefore, not felt as degrading or even as tyrannical. Were the Oriental female solicitous to appear as European ladies do, she would reject the suggestion as a most grievous insult.

One peculiarity in the social parlor of the East, is the absence of all females. Among the Christians, women sometimes sit down with their husbands and receive their guests, if those guests are Europeans; but this is rarely, if ever, done when the persons invited are Orientals. It is considered also indecent for people of different sexes to be seen together in public, although the closest ties of relationship may exist between them. I shall never forget the unqualified state of astonishment with which an Eastern lady regarded me when I informed her that in England husbands walked abroad in company with their wives.

An Oriental friend, having entertained the idea of marrying a European, applied to me for information respecting the probable wants or requirements of his future bride in prospecta.—His countenance lengthened as I enlarged upon the necessity of allowing his wife to mix in society where males were admitted, and of interfering her going abroad without a veil. After a few moments' thought, however, he said—

"All this, I suppose, is right, according to the customs of the Franks; and, as I must not expect my bride to be habit in which she has been educated, I suppose I must consent to her following manners to which, I own, my Eastern mind is repugnant. But is there anything else?"

"Yes," I replied; "you must give her your arm when she has a mind to walk abroad."

"That," he replied, "I will not and cannot do. But is it absolutely necessary?"

"It is," I answered.

"Then the marriage is at an end," observed he, decidedly; "for, were she a houri from Paradise, I would never have her on those terms."

The early age at which Eastern generally marry tends to prevent the occurrence of much evil, and acts as a restraint to vicious habits. But a young couple do not, as with us, immediately commence housekeeping on their own account. The newly wedded pair reside with the father and mother of the husband, and continue in their house sometimes for years. I know of no night more interesting than that of an aged Oriental, with his long gray beard and venerable aspect, presiding over a whole circle of married sons. It has often brought vividly before me the patriarchs of Holy Writ.—*Notes from Nineveh.*

☞ It is common to grumble at misfortune; but it is that which tries the human heart with the deepest probe, and draws from it the hidden character. We struggle with adversity, but success disarms us.

HAIM FARHI; OR, THE MENDED MAN.

A writer in the Dublin University Magazine says: If, however, the reader hesitates to credit the extent to which a Turkish despot may carry his caprices, let him take a lesson from the veritable history of Haim Farhi, and the Basha of Akka. This Farhi, a member of an opulent Jewish family of Damascus, was prime-minister and prime favorite of the famous, which means infamous, Basha of Akka (Acre), Achmed, appropriately surnamed Jezzar, or the Butcher. This Basha of Akka, as everybody knows, was the first who impeded the progress of Napoleon. A monster of cruelty, not only were his atrocities celebrated abroad, but even in his family circle there was but one inmate who did not bear on his own person some outward and visible sign of the butcher-skill in his calling. One was minus an eye, another a hand, a third a foot, and so through the whole batch of them; for though the Basha might deem it beneath him to diminish his lavish expenses, in one sense, he considered it proper to curtail his domestic establishment; there was, however, one unmutilated man among them, and this one was Haim Farhi. Haim, the true circumcised Israelite, was a very fine fellow, a great beau, and withal, I regret to say, somewhat of a coxcomb; yet Haim increased in wealth and favor in the palace of Achmed. At last, the Bashe summoned Haim, one day, and addressed him: "Haim," said his master, "you have a fine person, you are very beautiful, you are the most athletic of men. When visitors come, it is you, not me, they admire. Every one seems to say, how happy is the Bashe to have such a man. Now, because of this, I had some thoughts of dismissing you from your office, but my great love to you prevents that. *You cannot gently, however, have any objection to my putting out one of your eyes?*" Of course the Farhi could not, with any conscience, object to so mild an alternative; and the barber being happily at hand, Haim the beautiful went out from the Bashe's presence Haim the one-eyed; and he continued in his lord's service, faithfully discharging his trust, while Achmed continued to heap favors on his mutilated minister.

Haim, we have hinted, was a bit of a coxcomb, and Satan, through this infirmity, got on the blind side of Haim, beguiling him by his inkblicky, as to arrange and cock his turban, that the visual defect was scarce observable. Next Satan gave the wink to the Basha, and Jezzar cast his eye on Farhi, so he summoned him again, one day, and thus addressed him:—"Haim," began the Bashe, with a sigh, "Haim, all that I have done has been of no use, you have become as beautiful and as attractive as ever. Haim, I must cut off your nose." The convenient barber again appeared, and the noseless Farhi dispensed with a pocket-handkerchief for ever.

This was, however, the butcher's *coup de maitre.* Haim, no more "the handsome," harmonised in appearance with the other members of the establishment; he was continued, moreover, in the service of the compassionate master, till the latter died, and then he presided as chief mourner at the obsequies of his tyrannical benefactor.

Nevertheless, the Israelite's destiny was not yet fulfilled. Gifted as he had been by nature, and perfected by art, the Farhi found no favor in the sight of Achmed's successor, Abdalla Basha; for Abdalla, quite equal to his predecessor in barbarity, was his inferior far in invention. Abdalla, consequently, felt the necessity desired further to improve our Haim; but he could not, for the life of him, amend him to his mind; the Farhi hence became to him a perpetual puzzle—the problem perplexed him, and his digestion was disturbed. The Basha got dyspeptic—something must be done; he hit on it at last, cutting the gordian knot of his difficulties by cutting off Haim Farhi's head, which with his impracticable carcase, was cast into the sea. Thus ended the true chronicle of Haim Farhi, the mended man.

MORAL EVASION OF A VOW.

There was in his native village a wealthy Jew, who was subject to epileptic illness. Seeing no death approach, despite of his physician's skill, he bethought him of vowing a vow; so he solemnly promised, that if God would restore him to health, he, on his part, on his rec